DANGERS AND DUTIES

DUDLEY WARD RHODES

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DANGERS AND DUTIES.

TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN.

BY

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TO LAURA,

WHO, DURING FIVE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE, HAS TAUGHT ME HOW SPLENDID THE CHARACTER OF WOMANHOOD IS, AND THAT OF MANHOOD OUGHT TO BE, TO THE

MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN,

I DEDICATE THIS CHILD OF MY BRAIN, WITH A THANKFUL HEART THAT GOD MADE HER MY WIFE, AND THE PERPETUAL SUNSHINE OF MY HOME.

PREFACE.

"SHOT your guns," said Napoleon as he stood on the gates of the Tuileries and saw the Directory's batteries firing blank-cartridges into the swarming ranks of the insurrectionists. "Shot your guns," is the most important thing for the pulpit to learn to-day. We need more definite, practical, personal attack upon the evils and dangers of to-day. Men do not care to listen to preaching which is only a feeble echo of the words which moved the world in the days of the Schoolmen. That world has passed away. "All things have become new." The ministry is naturally conservative. It must cling to its institutions and organization by the necessity of its creed. But while it must forever fight a wild radicalism, it ought to fight it with the most recent and effective weapons. There is a mighty chasm between Hastings, fought with bow and arrow, and Sedan, with mitrailleuse and needle-gun, and there ought to be as much change in the arsenal of the pulpit. We must change our methods. We must interest men by preaching to them as sensibly and practically and wisely as men talk to them in business and in politics, as lawyers talk to juries.

These talks, which are now put before the public,

lay claim to nothing else than such plainness of speech, such direct attack upon the ordinary sins and errors of men and women as are to be found every day. I have sacrificed all other considerations to this one of shotting my guns and hitting something that I think wrong. Those who seek fine writing or brilliant rhetoric must go to other books. But I hope some men and some women may find here words fitly spoken in love and sincerity, warning against sin, pleading for virtue, suggesting possible excellence, and carrying with them God's blessing in the career to which I now commit them.

Rectory Church of Our Saviour,
Cincinnati, Ohio, September, 1880.

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DANGERS AND DUTIES.

UNREASONING SCEPTICISM.

THE Earl of Chatham, writing to his young nephew at Cambridge, said to him:

"I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer you, which most surely concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honorable purpose of your life will assuredly turn. I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God you can never be so towards man. The noblest sentiment of the human heart is here brought to the test. Is gratitude among the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise. *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit* (he who calls one ungrateful has said everything). If a man wants this virtue where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth' is big with the deepest wisdom. The fear of the Lord is the begin-

ning of wisdom and an upright heart,—that is, understanding. This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not. Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger,—the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion."

This advice of the old statesman and orator may well be poured into the ears of the young men who are coming up to manhood now. If it was necessary in the case of a young man studying at Cambridge, where religion had especially enthroned itself, where the air upon the Cam was laden with the prayers of generations of believing souls; where splendid colleges, bearing the marks of many centuries, were at once the monuments and defenders of the religious idea; where infidelity confronted the acutest intellects, how necessary is it, in our day and Nation, for the young man whose ears are assailed with the many sounding voices of sneering scepticism, and whose studies are not directed into the evidences and foundations of religious truth! The great majority of the young men of our day who array themselves in the ranks of open or covert infidelity, who regard religion as a perishing legacy of the dark and superstitious age of the human race, would be at a loss to give any reasons for their scepticism, or against Christianity. They have been captured by a sound. A thousand theories, inconsistent with each other, advanced with confidence against the religious convictions of mankind, have, in their minds, taken shape and form as demonstrated truths. Bubbles of systems which a breath unmakes, as a

breath made them, affect the young mind more than massive structures of thought, whose foundations are laid in the postulates of the human intellect, whose spires were lifted to their place by the vaulting genius of earth's greatest thinkers, and whose walls have stood like adamant against the streams that have dissolved and scattered all other creations of the mind. The philosopher whose motto was, "By doubting we learn," sought a middle way between a shallow empiricism and a shallow bigotry. His doubts were means, avenues to the great end he sought,—truth. He could not as a reasonable being inherit a system of thought as he inherited an estate. He must make his creed his own by mastering the evidences which made it his ancestors', and he could not master them but by questioning them. But to rest in doubt to arrive finally at a mere negation, to doubt in order that he might doubt, was to reverse his system. His mind must have some system of thought, and a system of thought must be made of affirmatives, not negatives. How is it with the young minds that are turning away from religion to-day? How is it with the leaders of the sceptical thought of the day? Do they agree in what they believe, or only in what they deny? Who can formulate a creed in which even a few of the many sceptical schools can unite? What are the assured principles of infidelity? The very word is a negation. We hear constantly of what is *not* believed. Let us hear some one begin with a *credo*. And yet from all the antagonistic camps of speculative and scientific infidelity which can never join forces, there arise whispers in the

young ear that everything which mankind has held sacred is but a myth; that what it has believed is built on shadows; that its wisdom is withering folly, and its postulates unscientific error. In this critical phase of human development; when an arrogant generation is divorcing itself from the teachings of the generations that stretch back behind it; when the doctrines of Free-love are crashing against the foundations of the family; when Socialism is surging up against the bulwarks of the State; when Communism is raising its red hand against the vested rights of property earned by labor; when science is ciphering God out of the universe, and pouring corrosive acids upon the sweetest hopes which inspired our ancestors' lives; when the Athenian-like cry is heard morning and evening for something new,—it is a sad feature that the great cities have vastly multiplied the avenues to vice and immorality, to that laxity of practice which infallibly follows a laxity of thought. To lose the safeguards of religion is at any time dangerous. To lose the safeguards of religion, and, at the same time, encounter the most brilliant and organized forces of alluring evil, is sure to end in disaster. But that is the position in which the youth of this great city are already, or into which they are rapidly drifting. Brilliant lectures have impressed upon them that the God whom their fathers worshipped is but a lingering shadow from the ghost-land of an ignorant age; that the eternal justice before which Bacon trembled, Locke stood in awe, and Newton humbled himself, as the sure adjuster of the moral inequalities of human life, and

the punisher of sins unpunished and triumphant here, is but a nightmare, from which this age is awakening. Leaders of sceptical science have told them in fascinating English that every form of crime and vice is but a disease; that drunkenness, adultery, theft, like catalepsy or fever, entitle them to the sympathy of humanity as the irresponsible victims of disease. The conscience has been demonstrated to be but an evolved function from the lowest forms of organic life, and its terrors removed by showing how easily environment and fear will educate. The finger of God has been lifted from the origin of life, which is now found in a fire-mist or protoplasm. The immortality of the soul, which before Christ was clear to Socrates and Plato and scarcely doubtful to Cicero; which after Christ was a demonstrated fact to the keenest intellects ever given to the children of men; which was believed alike by Pascal and Voltaire, by Bishop Butler and Edward Gibbon, by Shaftesbury and Boyle, which has been seriously questioned by no eminent specialist, is now pronounced to be in doubt because the microscope and retort have not been able to corroborate the revelation of God, the instincts of the soul, and the common agreement of mankind. The belief of the ages is just reversed. The human soul, instead of having a beginning in time, and passing on to an eternal life in the future, is declared to be a product of an eternity in the past, and to be passing on to an extinction with the grave. The soul is but a form or function of matter. Thoughts are merely secretions from the brain. Emotions are only the vibrations of nerves. Modesty, virtue, piety, these are

only so much beef and mutton. A man's moral and religious nature is just as much the product of his food as are his muscles and his brain, and there is nothing so absurd, we are told, as to preach a religion or a moral system to men who doubt it. This is the system of thought which is permeating society now. This is the freedom and liberality which is offered to a boy or girl in the place of the old system which brought them up in the fear of the Lord, to obey their parents and civil rulers, and to regard this life as but the beginning of one which should always wear the phase and keep the trend here given it. This is the system stamping out reverence for past and future, discarding all sanctions of ethics and religion, abandoning all inspirations which can lift man above his earth,—this is the system which our children are taught. And together with it, as if this infidelity in creed were not enough, infidelity in practice opens its pits and sets its traps along the streets and in the by-ways of these great cities where we live. Who has a child to-day and is careless of the influences which surround him? Who that has a son in Cincinnati can contemplate with ease and pleasure the environment of his life? It is only the few who read and understand the great questions of religion and science. Not one person in ten thousand knows what the differences are supposed to be between Moses and modern science. Not one in ten thousand knows the evidences of Christianity, or the arguments by which scepticism attacks it. But so subtle is the influence of doubt that a whisper of infidelity will drown the loudest tones of conviction. What the great mass

of people do know thoroughly is that old truths are questioned, old systems attacked, the Bible sneered at by men of learning greater than their own, and many, especially young men and boys, rush precipitately over the chasms where even sceptical science halts, and find themselves far in advance of their leaders. To doubt is easy, to prove is a work of time. He who shall hear some one deny the fact of the resurrection of Jesus from the grave, on which Christianity is based, may have his faith shaken in half an hour. But to convince him again will require long and patient work, going through the Scriptures, the evidences of their genuineness, of their authenticity, and of their credibility, and the conviction may not be made until the very axioms and postulates of thought have been reached. Your boy hears some superficial speaker affirm confidently that there are gross errors and inconsistencies in the Scriptures. Will he be ready and willing to test the question by critical study and by analyzing the evidences on which critical scholarship rests itself? Conviction is a plant of slow growth. Doubt is the Jonah's gourd which springs up in a night. The system of Christianity is linked together by a million arguments. Over its evidence the mind moves with a snail's pace, because it must test the soundness of every ring by all the laws of thought and evidence. But scepticism may suggest more doubts in one minute than the acutest intellect can answer, and the effect upon superficial minds is to leave the victory with the shallow but unanswered doubt. So doubt spreads like a mist, and thin and unsubstantial as it is, it obscures and hides

the splendid and solid fabric which reason has slowly reared.

So it is that country-grocery infidels are noisy and certain where brilliant and scholarly and earnest sceptical leaders are timid and drawing back. While Huxley is declaring in so many words that there is not the slightest scintilla of proof that life has ever been produced by spontaneous generation, that old dictum of Bastian and Pasteur is still in the mouth of noisy shallowness, unsettling the faith of men in a Creator and a God. While Agassiz, and Dana, and Virchow, and Le Conte, and Dawson are all protesting against the theories of some scientists as factless and proofless, there are not lacking those who scatter them up and down the earth as solemn and accredited truths, bearing the imprimatur of that strange but potent name of science, and rob unthinking men of their faith and peace by a still-born theory. All the promptings of human nature are favorable to a system which removes the yoke from appetites and passions and paralyzes the fear of punishment for acts which are pleasant and for lives which are licentious. Men eagerly credit that which they wish to believe, and it is one of the strongest evidences of Christ's religion that it has been able for so long a time to restrain the passions and control the lives of so many turbulent and passionate souls, and the slightest doubt as to its divinity is quickly reinforced by the desire to throw off the restraints which it has imposed upon the indulgence of our basilar instincts and appetites. In the middle of the seventeenth century the metaphysical infidelity of

Hobbes accomplished just what the scientific infidelity of our day is accomplishing. "Thousands who were incompetent to appreciate what was really valuable in his metaphysical speculations eagerly welcomed a theory which relaxed the obligations of morality and degraded religion into a mere affair of State. Hobbism soon became an almost essential part of the character of the fine gentleman. All the lighter kinds of literature were deeply tainted by the prevailing licentiousness. Poetry stooped to be the pander of every low desire. Ridicule, instead of putting guilt and error to the blush, turned her formidable shafts against innocence and truth. Men flew to frivolous amusements and to criminal pleasures with the greediness of long-enforced abstinence."

The history of mankind shows that the eras of irreligion have been also the eras of marked immorality. When the religious obligation has been the most binding the race has been the purest and most orderly. Gibbon has painted in glowing colors the fearful immorality of Rome under Augustus, when mankind was at the last gasp of its religious life. The Augustan Age was the age of creedless infidelity wedded to diabolic immorality. The epoch of Louis Quatorze in France and the Restoration in England marks at once the spring-tide of infidelity and the lowest ebb of morality. However much we may shrink from the rigorous and tyrannical days of the Puritan Commonwealth in England and Calvin's Republic in Geneva, the fact remains that even with such awful perversions of the religious idea, the moral condition of the people

was exceptionally pure and healthy. Mark these facts, that when religion has been the dominant force in civil convulsions, even when that religion has worn its most repulsive garb, there morality has been best preserved; and where infidelity has been dominant, even in so winning a garb as Cicero's eloquence, or Hume's pure life, there men have lost control of their passions and plunged into vice immoderately.

But I ask any of you who have been carried away by the clamor of modern infidelity, to examine the reasons by which you have been influenced. Any young man who firmly believes that the props and supports of revelation have been knocked away, would better examine this matter. On what single angle has the Bible been satisfactorily attacked? What position of sceptical thought, philosophical, critical, or scientific, has been so established as to gain the consent, I will not say of theologians, but of sceptics themselves? Where shall we seek the chair of science from which her voice is infallible and *ex cathedra?* For no sooner does one eminent sceptic promulgate a new discovery than we hear his condemnation from another eminent sceptic. The death-struggle of religion is ever imminent and ever deferred. No sooner does she turn to salute the great chief, whose inverted thumb shall be her death-signal; no sooner does she speak to him, *moritura te saluto,* than fifty rival Cæsars spring up to mortal contest with each other, and resigned religion alone survives.

* * * * * *

But then you say, has not science very clearly shown

that the Bible is in error in its statements as to physical facts and laws? Has it not destroyed the Bible's claim to inspiration by its discoveries in geology, astronomy, chemistry, philology, physiology, and the genesis of matter? Has not the first chapter of Genesis been completely demolished?

The answer to all such questions is the very simple one that the results of science are in no sense of the word to be relied on as final results. What it declares to be certain to-day it had not reached yesterday, and will doubt to-morrow. The history of scientific thought has been in the nature of things one of constant change, of climbing, where each rung of the ladder has been in turn exultingly grasped and quietly abandoned. But there is no more reason to believe that the present positions of scientific thought will be permanent than there has been in the past. She speaks no more confidently now than she has spoken a hundred times before upon propositions which she has abandoned. So rapidly has she changed her utterances that at times the second edition of a work has contradicted the first. It is not remarkable that it should be so, but it destroys all claim to absolute reliability in any theory now made upon the same kind of evidence which then misled her. Compare her utterances as to anatomy. Galen, Vesalius, Harvey, Carpenter have each in turn announced his predecessor to be in error in the fundamentals of his science. And yet each represented in his day the highest development of the knowledge in that branch of physical science. May not a day come when the present leaders of thought in anatomy shall be regarded

with the same compassion that is now extended to Vesalius and his theory as to the blood? Is there not room in this great science for as much advance in knowledge as that which separates the crude theories of Galen from the theories of to-day? If this science, then, should arrogantly declare that it has overthrown in any way the statements of a revelation which has a prescriptive lien upon our trust, it is enough to say your system, not being self-evident nor a demonstration, nor by your own confession final and certain, may be in fundamental points opposed to facts which science shall yet unveil.

It is almost in our own generation that the most remarkable developments of this great science have taken place. It cannot but be gratifying to any man who is interested in the progress of human knowledge to notice the vast contributions which our age has made to the store of anatomical knowledge. The microscope has opened new realms and made vast changes. In 1830, Müller first wrote upon the gland structures. In 1833, Kiernan made the anatomy of the liver. Since then Virchow and Lionel Beale have discovered the marvellous facts as to the cells and their surrounding matter. Bichat, and Haeckel, and Bischoff, and St. Hilaire, and Ehrenberg, and Huxley are men of to-day.

Who can say what another generation may see if the powers of microscopy shall be increased? Who can affirm that the science of anatomy shall not some day consider these the days of its swaddling-clothes and narrowness of vision? As it is in anatomy, so it is in all the scientific theories as to the origin of life. The Bible plainly declares that organic life began on the

earth by a creative act of God. It does not say how. It does not say by what process. Whether by evolution through long ages of time or instantly, it does not declare. But the mighty chasm between matter dead and matter living it declares to have been spanned by the act of God. Has science successfully attacked that position? Are the results of her investigations reliable when they deny that proposition? It has been denied by eminent scientists after careful investigation. Even Tyndall once thought he had discovered spontaneous generation of life, and declared that he found in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life. But Professor Huxley, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," says:

"Not only is the kind of evidence adduced in favor of abiogenesis logically insufficient to furnish proof of its occurrence, but it may be stated as a well-based deduction that the more careful the investigator and the more complete his mastery over the endless practical difficulties which surround experimentation on this subject, the more certain are his experiments to give a negative result, while positive results are no less sure to crown the efforts of the clumsy and careless." "The fact is, that at the present moment there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that abiogenesis does take place or has taken place within the period during which the existence of life on the globe is recorded."

What is this but to affirm in terms that the statement of Genesis has not been overthrown? The "theologic conception" stands as the only clear solution of the beginning of the "chain of causal connections." What

Harvey said Huxley says. Tyndall, fresh from his experiments on the Alps, says, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*" (everything living is from a living germ), but whence the germ derived its life science cannot even guess, and the Bible directly affirms. "Of the causes which have led to the organization of living matter it may be said that we know absolutely nothing." That is Huxley. And God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yield seed, whose seed (life-germ) is in itself, and it was so." That is the Bible statement, written before Biology began to collate facts or to rank as a science. I beg you to observe the use and meaning of the word "experimentation" by scientists, and to observe also the admission made by Huxley of the untrustworthy nature of much that passes under the name of exact science. Pasteur and Bastian were just as sure they had infallibly discovered the origin of life by spontaneous generation as Huxley and Tyndall are that they did not so discover it, and yet the experiments by all were of the same kind. Even now Haeckel stands by the doctrine of matter developing life. So that in this great question, striking at the fundamentals of all religion, there is no trust to be placed in the present dicta of science as against the faith in a living and creating God.

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Not only because of the shifting and contradictory phases of what are called results of science are they untrustworthy, but also because all these results are arrived at by the use of instruments, which are of necessity inexact, and by the use of senses, which are deceptive. The facts on which great systems are raised are observed

by the eye, which may or may not correctly transmit the image. The measuring-rod is not and cannot be demonstrably accurate. The plumb-line is affected by irregular masses of matter. Chemistry is subject to a thousand slight and unseen conditions in the purity of its elements and the presence of extraneous qualities. The microscope, magnifying a thousand diameters, shows how inaccurate was the judgment of the naked eye. A microscope of ten thousand diameters may show how inaccurate is the judgment of the present microscopists. Back of every investigation, however careful, there always lies the human sense which registers it, and that sense is in the highest degree prone to error. The eyes which science uses in her researches are the human eyes, whose testimony she discredits when they saw Christ risen from the dead. The same senses which science declares enough to establish the marvels of rat-like horses and gigantic lizards, entirely foreign to all human experience, are the senses whose testimony she will not hear when they speak of Christ's marvellous acts, recorded by human experience. Every result in geology, paleontology, chemistry, in physics universally, must be arrived at only through the faith of the investigator in the accuracy of his senses. Underneath the whole fabric which science is building there lies the same necessary corner-stone which supports religion,—Faith. The Christian is a Christian because he believes, has faith in the word of God, and that faith is based on the only kind of evidence which could support it,—the evidence of the senses of those who recorded it. The scientist believes in his theory because his senses

have made it sure to him and he has faith, believes, in the accuracy of the senses. The verifications of science depend on the infallibility of the senses and the absolute accuracy of the instruments used, and in no case can they be assured, and in every case they may be partially questioned.

* * * * * *

Not only does each successive age contradict or at least depart from the statements of the last, but at no one time do contemporaneous scientists agree upon important and crucial questions. There is not a greater chasm between La Marck and Darwin than between Darwin and Agassiz. Lyell did not differ more from Dawson or Le Conte than Lyell differed from Lyell, or Dawson and Le Conte differ from the school of materialists of to-day.

School stands opposed to school. Those great questions upon which the Bible has spoken once, such as the existence of God, the origin of life, the difference between matter and spirit, are wrangled over and disputed upon by men who speak arrogantly as to the overthrow of the Bible's testimony, and yet cannot agree among themselves. The Genesis declares, or seems to declare, that the human race sprung from a single pair. "No," said Agassiz, "there were five or seven pair in five or seven different centres." "No," says Charles Darwin, "there was a single ulterior material germ which evolved the race." So Darwin and his school make things converge to a unit. Agassiz and his school multiply the sources. Tyndall and Haeckel differ as much about the origin of life as Genesis does from

either. The believer in the Mosaic cosmogony finds the "Popular Science Monthly" like the Temple of Janus, with its two faces, frowning and warlike or smiling and peaceful, depending upon where he enters it, at the first article or at the last. Where does the infallibility of this infallible body reside? Marvellous have been the discoveries. Magnificent successes have been attained. The work of Leverrier going on in Paris, and the work of Adam going on in Cambridge, each resulting in the announcement simultaneously that a new planet must be just where the telescope showed Neptune to be, was a gigantic effort of the human mind. But by the side of such splendid achievements place the divergent theories as to comets, as to celestial measurements, as to nebulæ, as to stellar substances, as to the influence of approaching and receding bodies, and it will be clear that there is as much difference of opinion here and as much to be doubtful of as there was of La Place's hypothesis. There is no branch of physical science where the results are so clear and indisputable as to unite all the specialists upon it. And this is not saying but that tremendous strides have been made in scientific knowledge. The errors have been made when theorizing has begun. The theory of evolution may be true, and, if it were true, does not necessarily come into conflict with the Mosaic cosmogony, life being postulated; but it must not be forgotten that it is but a *theory*. It has not the facts to make it a system. Agassiz and many others have pointed out great gaps in the chain, which cannot be filled by any known facts, even supposing the theory to be true else-

where. The facts which science has discovered are one thing, and the theories and inductions from them quite another; and it is worth remembering that the most prominent thoughts of the stars and of the terrestrial forms of matter which science has enounced are called respectively a hypothesis and a theory.

I wish I might go on to discuss this subject through other channels, to show what ethnology and philology have done to corroborate scriptural statements; to show what critical scholarship has done in establishing the genuineness of the Biblical records; to show what archæology has done in removing apparent errors in the Old Testament and New Testament histories; to show how a million forces have been toiling, raising up a new continent of facts to support the Bible, as the coral continents shake the seas from off their rising shoulders. But if I have accomplished one purpose, I am satisfied. If I have shown you that there is such a thing as a crude and unripe scepticism, if I have shown you that so far as scientific facts have been determined even by fallible means and agents there is nothing to invalidate the claims of Scripture to be the word of God, I am satisfied. What science may do no man can say. More hopeful than her esoteric disciples, who claim perfection and infallibility for her present utterances, I anticipate for her magnificent conquests yet to come. Pizarro-like, Cortez-like, I believe she will go forth to gather glory and victory in realms yet undiscovered. I will not limit her except as matter limits her. — And when she stands at last upon the final verge of matter, at the edge of the mighty chasm which yawns between

matter and mind, she will find the living Power which moves all matter eludes her analysis; she will find, as Professor Tyndall said in his Belfast address, that "as little as in the days of Job can man by searching find this power out." Be sure if you waver in your faith that it be upon good and convincing evidence. Be not sceptical as to the truths by which a hundred generations of your ancestors have lived and died merely because it is the fashion to be sceptical. To be a Christian merely because your father was is mental slavery. There is only one lower circle of degradation for the mind, it is to be a sceptic because you hear that others are. Read and study for yourself. Go about Jerusalem, mark well her bulwarks, tell all her towers. Test your faith by every standard, and whatever it may make you in religious convictions, it will make you a larger and nobler character. What you have will at least be your own, and the sling of David is better for him than the armor of Saul. But properly conducted, your studies will lead you to a firmer rest than ever upon the word of God. Professor Dana has been an honored lifetime in his studies, and his words are not discouraging:

"The grand old Book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word."

Sir John Herschel was not a superficial thinker, and he says, "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly the truths contained in the sacred Scriptures." Sir Isaac Newton may be safely trusted to know something

of science and philosophy. He says, "I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy." You cannot follow Goethe into the secret dwelling-places of his genius, but you may follow the guide which led him in his life: "It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as a guide of my moral and literary life." The spirit of Christianity is not narrow. It does not muzzle the intellect. To stifle thought is in her eye parricide, for she herself is the child of thought. Perhaps after all there is no grander motto that the human mind could place over the portal of the temple of truth, where all alike seek to enter, than the words of St. Paul: "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is true."

THE GENUINENESS AND AUTHORITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

CORRECT thought lies behind correct practice, and the wide-spread doubts as to old standards of belief must be removed, especially from young minds which have unconsciously imbibed them and are gradually allowing them to become convictions by right of occupancy.

The very first duty of the pulpit is to teach the doctrine and set forth the life of Jesus Christ. When I come to you with these doctrines and with this life you ask, "How do you know Jesus ever taught or did any such things as you say he did?" The reply must be, "The New Testament, especially the Gospel, declares that he did." Again, you say, "How do you know that these books were written by the persons and at the time generally supposed, or that these writers were competent witnesses to the facts spoken of by them?" These are legitimate and proper questions, and I shall try to answer them. But you must observe that the presumption is very largely on the side of those who affirm the authenticity and genuineness of the New Testament. The current belief of so many centuries, that John wrote the Gospel attributed to him and Paul the Epistles ascribed to him, makes a strong presumption in favor of their authorship.

Moreover, some of the books bear the name of, and claim to be written by, certain men, to whom such books have been consequently attributed. To deny such authorship now is to raise the charge of motiveless forgery, which must require overwhelming affirmative proof. Apply this proposition to other books. There has been a suspicion many times expressed as to Shakspeare's works. Books have been written to convince the world that the plays ascribed to him by popular tradition were really written by some one else. But the claim of Shakspeare, entirely unsupported except by tradition, has stood against all such attempts, because mankind will not reverse a long-settled judgment, even when the facts on which that judgment were based have perished, unless direct and irrefutable testimony is adduced to show that claim to be false. The unbroken conviction of fifty generations as to a matter of fact is no slight support. And if in each of these generations there have been a few who expressed a doubt, the general agreement in the face of such doubts enhances the value of the testimony. Strange as such a proposition may seem, it is nevertheless true that the existence of a few doubters as to a fact in any generation strengthens, not weakens, the proof of that fact. For general agreement may be only the result of indifference or ignorance. But when the great mass of a community unhesitatingly believe a fact against the arguments and doubts of a few, such conviction takes the form of a judgment made on evidence offered. The doubts of Thomas have made the faith of the Church. His doubts, overruled by evidence, have made the same

kind of doubts unreasonable now. That the Church so generally dismissed these objections when made in the third century, that every succeeding generation has with equal firmness dismissed them, that her judgment has been continually appealed to and continually consistent, is to raise so strong a presumption that she is right that nothing but new testimony of a direct and overwhelming character can destroy it. The entire fabric of English common law, the unwritten Constitution of England, has derived its authority from the consent of generation after generation. But the records of the courts show how in each generation there have been those who have challenged it. At the very beginning of any such lecture as this upon the evidences of the New Testament it is of vast importance to show that the burden of proof lies heavily upon the denier of the common and traditional belief.

If every particle of direct proof which made the early Church believe that St. Luke wrote the Acts and the third Gospel, and that Paul wrote the great letters to Rome and Corinth and Galatia, were perished, and were no longer accessible, if there were absolutely nothing of any kind except tradition to show that the New Testament books were written by the authors to whom the Church has ascribed them, even then I beg you to observe that that tradition alone, unsupported, would crush all speculative scepticism, would stand against everything but the same kind of direct evidence as that on which itself is reared.

Has such testimony been produced as to destroy the inherited belief of the ages that the New Testament

is an authentic and genuine record of the life and teachings of Jesus?

Has modern criticism been able to deny the statements of these writers that they were eye-witnesses of the facts they record? Some time ago I met a young man who had been affected by the vague and uncertain claims of sceptical criticism. Highly intelligent, a thinker for himself, he had nevertheless allowed himself to believe that the reiterated statements as to the doubtful origin of the Gospels were based on sufficient evidence. It had unsettled all his convictions. When I referred him to any Gospel for the teachings of the Master, his answer was, Luke, or Mark, or John, or Matthew, may have been witnesses of the life of Jesus, but the books bearing their name were not written until nearly two hundred years after Christ, and consequently they are entirely unreliable.

He had not studied the matter for himself, but there were not lacking authorities in which such statements might be found, and plenty of plausible reasons to support them.

Had he taken time to thoroughly post himself he would have found that the great literary criticism of to-day will not hear of any such statement as he made, and as one frequently hears. The German schools, especially the Tübingen school, are entirely unworthy of credit in criticism, because they assume as a postulate that any record of a miraculous event is to be rejected. Of course the Gospels fall under their ban, and they begin their criticism by throwing out the whole history as mythical or fraudulent. With such an unphilo-

sophical *a priori* principle, there can be no other result. Criticism is killed before its functions begin to work. Such thinkers do not at all rely upon the external evidence as to the genuineness of these books. They do not at all go into the only question with which literary criticism has anything to do; that is, whether these books are proved by sound testimony to be the work of those whose name they bear, and consequently of eye-witnesses of what they record. Not at all. But the one internal fact that they tell of miracles is enough to prove that they are either post-apostolic forgeries or fraudulent and lying stories written to advance some theological tendencies in the early Christian body.

But not only is the presumption in favor of the genuineness of the Gospel very strong, not only is the evidence against that genuineness unphilosophical, uncritical, and dreamy in its nature, but the direct evidence which establishes it is overwhelming. We are apt to forget how slight is the evidence on which any past event rests. Archbishop Whately, following the logic which sceptical criticism uses to break down belief in the life of Christ recorded in the Gospels, took the far more recent life of Napoleon Bonaparte, whom living men had seen, and made it very clear that his history was a tissue of lies and gross improbabilities, that no such man ever lived, and that the evidence in support of it was contradictory and incredible. Whately's "Historical Doubts as to Bonaparte" deals as fairly with human testimony as Strauss's "Life of Jesus" or Eichhorn's "Introduction to the New Testa-

ment," and Whately is far subtler than either in his analysis of the evidence offered. But no one really doubts that Napoleon did live and did those marvellous things that are recorded of him, and Whately selected his life because there was no man in eighteen centuries who had been so universally known and written about, and because the methods of sceptical criticism which were applied to Jesus and the Gospels would resolve even Napoleon into a myth. There is no such testimony to the life of Cæsar as to that of Jesus Christ. There is not as much evidence altogether upon the habitable globe that Tacitus wrote his history, or Michael Angelo painted the Last Judgment, as there is in a single library that St. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles and Paul wrote the Epistle to the Corinthians.

There are more and better manuscripts of the Gospels in one collection than there are of any classical writer altogether. The same kind of reasoning which unsettles faith in the genuineness of the Gospels undermines the credibility of every past event, and we get to this at last, that nothing can convince us of what is not in our own personal experience. A man tells me that he saw Lee surrender. I deny it. He has no possible way to convince me. If I deny his own eye-witness there is nothing else to bring. He brings another man, a hundred men, to corroborate him. Every one testifies that Lee did surrender, but how can he make me believe it if I still declare that every one of them may be mistaken or may be a liar? A man tells me that there is such a country as China, with customs and people

entirely the antipodes of ours. If I deny it, there is only one way to convince me, and that is to make China a part of my experience, to let me see it for myself.

We must rely on human testimony, or close histories and courts and books. And the testimony as to the genuineness of the Gospels is in no sense of the word different from other human testimony, except that it is stronger than usual for events so long past. Now look at it:

For all practical purposes we might as well place ourselves at the end of the second century after Christ to begin the subject. For, as the Gospels exist now indisputably, so they existed indisputably in the fifteenth century, the tenth century, the fifth century, the second century. I go no farther back than that to begin, because it is just there that universal agreement as to their existence in present form ends. At the close of the second century you will notice there is no question whatever by any one that the four Gospels, Acts, and thirteen of Paul's Epistles were in existence in every part of the world, and unanimously received as sacred books by scattered churches from Spain to the Euphrates. You will remember that these were not all bound up together in one canon, as we have them, but each Gospel or Epistle constituted a roll of papyrus, which was copied and recopied as the demand increased. It has been estimated from the agreeing statements of many historians that at this time, 200 years A.C., the proportion of Christians in the Empire was about one in every twenty of the population, but if

there were only one-half that number there would still be at least three millions of Christians then. There were others out of the Empire, and the energetic statements of Tertullian at this time compel us to think this estimate far too small. For instance, he says in one place, addressing the authorities of the Empire, "We are but of yesterday, and we have filled everything that is yours,—cities, islands, castles, free towns, council-halls, the very camps, all classes of men, the palace, the Senate, the forum. We can number your armies; there are more Christians in a single province." Again he speaks of the Christians as "so great a multitude of men, almost the majority in every city." And Pliny, the Roman Governor of Pontus, writing to Trajan, uses language indicating that the Christians were a numerous element in his jurisdiction. Such testimony warrants the supposition that there were at least one-fortieth of all the population of the Empire Christians. Seven thousand five hundred persons in a city like Cincinnati would at least be required to justify such claims as Tertullian uses, when the sect was as yet a persecuted one. But among these three millions of Christians it is very clear that the Gospels and Acts and Epistles were universally distributed. Every small gathering of them had their own copy and regarded it with the utmost reverence. Their worship everywhere consisted of prayer and reading the word of God. Remember this was about the year 200, when by universal agreement of all scholars our present Scriptures were the only ones in general use, and when they were regarded with the utmost reverence. Their cost

was slight. Any one might buy a copy of a Gospel for an insignificant sum. When we hear what the copies of the contemporaneous writers cost we may believe that ten cents of our money would buy a copy of a Gospel. Martial's thirteenth book, containing two hundred and seventy-two verses, sold for seven cents a copy. It is certain that the multiplication of manuscripts of the New Testament books was very great, and if every fifty Christians owned one copy, we should have the astonishingly large number of sixty thousand copies extant in the year 200 A.C. This is Norton's estimate, and I believe it to be too small by far. But take it as the basis of our investigation, and remember how enormously successful any book is to-day which passes through sixty editions, and this fact assumes importance. How did all these copies come to agree with each other and be essentially the Scriptures of to-day? From what original did so many copies of St. Luke's Gospel, or Book of Acts, bearing his name, scattered all over the world, come into general use within a century of the death of one of Christ's apostles? How did the great number of copies of the Gospel of St. John receive the unanimous approbation of scattered Christians within the lifetime of those who remembered him alive? The slow multiplication of books by the pen, as these early copies of the Gospels were multiplied, is vastly different from multiplying them through a press. That the Christians in Syria had the same Gospels as the Christians in Spain makes it necessary to look still farther back to the archetype, —the first copy from which each had taken a trans-

cription,—and the fact that everywhere the Christians attributed their books to the same author is cumulative evidence that he was that author. Everywhere the third Gospel is called St. Luke's, the first St. Matthew's.

The Church was not yet an organized Catholic body in the second century. She had no general councils, no great meetings where she could unite her disciples upon a course of action. She was as yet a persecuted sect, and remained so for a century and a quarter. And yet everywhere, by Christians of every degree and locality, these books and these only were regarded as genuine and authentic. In the south of France lived Irenæus, who was born within forty years after the death of John, and he says "Matthew published a Gospel in Hebrew. Mark delivered to us in writing what Peter had preached, and Luke, the companion of Paul, recorded the Gospel preached by him. Afterwards John, the disciple of the Lord, likewise published a Gospel while he dwelt in Ephesus in Asia;" and in another passage he goes on to show why there should have been just four Gospels and no more. Theophilus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria and the infidel Celsus all give similar testimony as to the Scriptures then in use. But, as I said before, we need produce no testimony as to this point, for there is no critic who denies that before the close of the second century our present Gospel and most of the New Testament were universally received. It does not seem to need any argument to prove that these numerous scattered and agreeing copies of the sacred writings did not all spring up at once. Each copy was made from a

former one, and so large a number demands a considerable lapse of time. You must bear in mind that the Epistles of St. Paul were addressed originally to particular bodies of Christians, and sent by hand to Rome and Corinth and the places severally addressed, and whether they were written by Paul himself or some forger, they must have spread from one original spot into all parts of the world. I do not dwell now upon the absurdity of supposing that the Christians in these different Churches were addressed by Paul long after Paul was dead, and exhorted and rebuked by one using the name of their founder, that they gave currency to such spurious letters, knowing them to be spurious, while they were filled with such severe denunciations of their immoralities and unchristian character. I only beg you to notice that much time must be allowed for all these copies to converge to their original. Suppose we say it took fifty years, although it is a physical impossibility that so short a time would suffice. We will then have one copy of each book as it exists to-day, attributed to the same author as now, and received one hundred and fifty years after Christ as the especial authority, to be multiplied and copied to the exclusion of all others. For if there were others different from these, where are they? Why were they not copied and spread abroad? Why did their copies not rise up beside the others to confuse the scattered Christians, and break up that unanimity which confessedly obtained at the close of the century? But it so happens that in that dark second century of the Christian era, when there was no literary activity anywhere, when men

were not making records for the future, there was one man who has written very prolifically, and he flourished just in the era we have reached, 150 A.C. Justin Martyr was raised in the pagan philosophies, and became a Christian. He spent much time in travelling, and saw Christians in all parts of the Empire. In his works he quotes over and over again from the sacred books. While he seems to use his memory in his references to the Scriptures as not particular to be exactly accurate when arguing against Jews and heathen, yet it is always easy to refer his words to the Gospels as we have them now. And as we have shown that the present Gospels must have been in existence in his time to account for their subsequent spread, and as it is impossible that there were others different and equally venerated by Christians, and yet never propagated, we are shut up to the conviction that the Gospels he used are those we use, and he refers them to the same authors. "The memoirs which I affirm to have been composed by Apostles of Christ and their companions," he says. The terms by which we designate these lives of Jesus were not yet in common use. The word "Testament" was first used by Tertullian about 190. The word "Gospel" crept gradually into use, and Justin Martyr calls our Gospel "Memoirs," which they are. Now, see where we are. We are within fifty years of the death of St. John, and the only writings that have descended to us are filled with quotations and extracts from the books of the New Testament as we have them. So overwhelming is the proof of this that the fairest critics even of the Tübingen school admit that the Gos-

pel of St. John, on which the fight is especially made, was known to Justin about one hundred and fifty years after Christ. So says Keim, and so says Hilgenfeld. But if Justin Martyr used our present Gospel of St. John as an authentic writing of that apostle, when St. John had not been fifty years in his grave, when his pupils and converts were living by scores, when Justin had in Ephesus conversed with those who had been John's companions, we have really traced that Gospel to St. John himself. Not that there are not also earlier references to it in Papius, and Ignatius, and Hippolytus as they are preserved to us from the very first of the century. But the Gospel of St. John is the one upon which the greatest doubt has been thrown. Renan denied its genuineness in one edition after having deliberately affirmed it in an earlier one. It is entirely inconceivable that a forgery should have been imposed on Christians within a very few years, as the last words of their great Apostle. There is far greater reason to suppose that the books attributed to Washington Irving or the speeches we think to have been made by Henry Clay were deft forgeries, perverting the real opinions of those men whom many still living have seen and heard. Such a parallel by no means expresses the unlikely nature of this theory of a later origin of the Gospel. For you must remember that the early Christians clung to nothing on earth with the ardent affection which they had for their holy books. Long after this the bitterest charge which could be made against a Christian was "traditor," a surrenderer of the sacred books to the government. That crime forever separated

him from the fellowship of the Church, and rather than betray the books the Christian went singing into the fires of Decius and Diocletian. When you cling to a book more than to your life it is probable you know something about it. Men do not greedily accept forgeries and die rather than give them up. And when Justin Martyr died a martyr's death, testifying, witnessing—for that is what martyrdom means—the genuineness and sanction of the Gospels, and did this within the lifetime of many who had seen Apostles, he gives the highest kind of evidence which circumstances can give.

There is really very little doubt entertained now by any competent critics as to the genuineness of most of the New Testament books. As to the Gospels, Acts, and Pauline Epistles it may be said there is really none. The Acts of the Apostles is one of the best-attested books in literature. It does not claim to be the work of St. Luke, but the style, the former treatise spoken of, and above all the declaration that the author was a travelling companion with Paul, which we know Luke was, leave no doubt. Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ" are filled with the evidences of coincidences between the Acts and the Epistles, showing that none but an actual eye-witness of the events could have been so accurate, and that nothing but truth could establish so many undesigned coincidences between Paul and Luke. Late years have brought out in a wonderful way some confirmations of these writers where sceptical criticism had long declared them in error. Let me in a few words mention one:

The writer of the Acts calls the Governor of Cyprus a Pro-Consul. Now, it is well known that in the division of the jurisdiction of the Empire between Augustus and the Senate, Cyprus was retained by Augustus for himself, and consequently his legate there would be not a Pro-Consul, as this writer calls him, but a Pro-Prætor. Hence this writer could not have been in Cyprus, as he says, and has unwittingly fallen into an error that shows later authorship. But Dio Cassius informs us that while Augustus did at first retain Cyprus, he subsequently exchanged it for another province, thus placing it again under the jurisdiction of the Senate; and we have a coin of the reign of Claudius bearing the image and name of a Cyprian Pro-Consul; so that the seeming error is really a most valuable corroboration of the genuineness and authenticity of the writer. In the same way the latest explorations and soundings of the Mediterranean by the English Government throw a flood of light upon those chapters in the Acts in which Paul's voyage and shipwreck are so graphically and minutely described. No man, however ingenious, could invent such a chain of details, could so describe the actions of the winds, and cast the log of the ship, without violating the probabilities and facts of the laws of navigation. But what I want you to notice is that if the claim of St. Luke to the authorship of the Acts be allowed,—and it cannot be questioned, except by an uncritical *a priori* canon,—then it is just what is claimed in the beginning of it: the testimony of an eye-witness of the great events of the Gospel. This author declares, as an actual witness of the event, that Jesus rose from the dead;

that he was seen of many afterwards through forty days; that infallible proofs made it unquestionable and unquestioned; that this resurrection was commonly preached by the disciples and undenied by the Jews. From this Book of Acts most of the important facts in the Gospels may be drawn. The genuineness of the Acts proves the genuineness of the third Gospel, and without reference to any other books whatever. If the Pauline Epistles, the Acts, and the third Gospel be admitted genuine, there is enough to establish the great claims of Christianity to be based on evidence such as a court of justice could not refuse. But these books prove the others, and when I say that there is no real scholarship which denies the genuineness of the great books, I am perfectly aware of what I say. For I cannot call that critical scholarship which underlies the theories of De Wette, of Zeller, of Baur, and of the whole school of Tübingen, which makes facts conform to a canon involving the very matter in dispute. But even this school agrees upon no later date for the writing of the Acts than twenty-five years after John's death. The only theory which can possibly account for the belief of the early Christians as to their books, the only theory which can in any way explain the astonishing accuracy and agreement of these books, is the one which supposes them to be what they claim to be, and what they were supposed to be by all the witnesses whom we can call. And then there is one very important fact which must be borne in mind when we are looking for early references by Christians to their sacred books, and that is that during the life of the Apostles

and their more eminent followers, oral teaching was common. The sacred writings would not acquire value while their authors were living. When St. Paul preached in Athens, in Rome, in Corinth, thirty years after Christ's death, his oral teachings were just what our Bible is to us. When the last apostle and eye-witness of Jesus was dead, then their written testimony, their memoirs and letters, would be circulated as the educators of the new Christians. The Pauline letters would not be of their present value while men could turn to Paul himself. The Church in Ephesus, a hundred years after Christ, would hang more upon the lips of the beloved John, their bishop, while he told them of the earthly life of Jesus, than upon the condensed written testimony of others, which must have been, however, in agreement with him. There are numberless diaries which future generations will use in making up the history of the late war, which we do not need, because we can get ampler details from those who wrote them. It is just so with the Christian books; when their testimony was needed, when the writers died, their memoirs began to be quoted, and spread, and reverenced. They bear internal evidences of genuineness, and it is absolutely proved by external evidence, except as against an *a priori* impossibility. I have barely touched the great mass of evidence, and yet I must stop. The early manuscripts, the early translators into different languages, the quotations by the fathers, the testimony of heathen and heretic opponents, the current use of the books, the impossibility of their forgery or gross corruption, the general and unquestioned tradition of their

genuineness, their own claims and circumstantial statements and agreements, all these together make up a stronger case for the genuineness and incorruption of the New Testament than for any other literary work in existence. Push aside the cloud of vague doubts and baseless theories and you will find that no books have been so searchingly investigated, and that the criticism which would reject them as untrustworthy and false would leave nothing certain in the literary world. If St. Luke must be thrown out, so must Tacitus, so must Erasmus, so must Hume. Human testimony supports them all. And the books of Tacitus would not stand a minute before the investigations to which St. Luke has been subjected.

Let me finish this lecture by begging you to do me the credit to believe that I do not argue this question as a paid advocate. If I think it an important matter for you to settle, I think it equally important that my own mind and soul should be at rest in the truth. The argument which I have made must stand or fall by its own merits, but behind the argument there lies the mighty reservoir out of which the argument has flowed, the intense and unwavering faith of the man himself. That I defend the authority of the New Testament from this pulpit is because that authority drew me a free man into this pulpit. Clothed with my reason I could not refuse to accept these books for what they claim to be, when the evidences were studied.

All the circumstantial evidence which juries, proverbially reluctant to take life, have thought enough to hang a man, may be found to establish the genuineness

of these books. It is proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The circumstances are such that even if direct testimony were wanting it is impossible to deny that John wrote his books, and Luke his. These circumstances, when interpreted upon the supposition that the books are what they claim to be, are all consistent and explained. Upon any contrary supposition they are a bristling line of difficulties. Then the direct evidence reaches to a demonstration. No one saw John write his Gospel that I know of, but such evidence is not to be expected, and cannot be found for one book in a million. But all the direct testimony there is points one way, and the only reason there is not more is that the fact was so unquestioned in the early ages that it was not thought necessary to establish it by proof. So I cannot but admit the genuineness of the books and receive them as contemporaneous history by living witnesses to the facts recorded.

So they are lifted from the category of mythical legends condemned by Niebuhr. Myths are not born in a generation. They are the exaggerated wonders of long past ages. There is a mighty difference between the legends of Romulus and Remus, of Camillus and Porsenna, of Coriolanus and the Horatii, first recorded many years after the fact, and the history of Jesus and his Apostles, written by the Apostles themselves. Of the latter we may say they cannot be refused acceptance on the score of competency. I say nothing now as to their inspiration and accuracy. Of the former may be said what Coleridge has made Schiller say :

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piney mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of Reason."

In the pure faith of reason we cling to the New Testament, and find an additional reason for our faith in the sweet story that it tells, the hopes that it kindles, the forgiveness it promises, the heaven it pictures, and the manhood it makes possible.

POSSIBILITY AND FACT OF MIRACLES.

You will remember that in the first lecture I tried to show you how untrustworthy and variant are the present theories of science when antagonistic to the Bible revelation. I was not so narrowed by my theological training as to think that my view of God and the world must be right in every particular, and I do not offer to you any system of Bible interpretation as an unchangeable and perpetual truth. We grow in knowledge, and I am sure the time will come when men shall find grander truths in the Bible than those we reverence. Not opposed to those we now grasp, but spreading out and around them. As I think men who make God's works their especial study shall go on into deeper beauties and into broader truths than those which science has yet reached, so it well may be with the students of God's word, and future generations may see the sublimer proportions of truths which we see only in the shadows. My lecture was not to persuade you that I was infallible in finding out just what the Scriptures mean, but only to show you that its plain statements and teachings have not been faulted by any positive results of science, but that, on the contrary, its declarations are so strangely in agreement with those of the most recent investigators of natural science that its early statement of them can be accounted for only by the supposition of revelation.

In the second lecture I showed you that the testimony which supports the genuineness of the New Testament books cannot be crushed. They are proved beyond a doubt to be the works of eye-witnesses of the events recorded. When St. Luke speaks of Christ's resurrection, he calls himself an eye-witness to that fact. When St. John writes that splendid narrative of the raising of Lazarus, so full of pathos, so grand in its simplicity, he records what he himself saw.

We take a third and final step. For the objection now springs up: such a thing is impossible; a miracle cannot take place, and if it could, none ever has. The subject, then, to which I ask you to listen is the "Possibility and Fact of the New Testament Miracles."

I. Take first the question, *Is a miracle possible?* Now, this is a question which has divided human reason for ages. Even so long ago as Cicero's days there was a mass of thought on either side, which he gives us in his essay on Divination. In Augustine's days, four hundred years later, the same struggle is going on, and he says, "How is that against nature which is from the will of God, since the will of such a great Creator is what makes the nature of everything?" (*De Civitate Dei.*) The entire system of modern infidelity on this subject has found a firmer footing on the speculations of Spinoza. To him may be referred the origin of those arguments which Hume has most skilfully used.

Spinoza defined a miracle to be "any work the natural cause of which we cannot explain after the example of anything else to which we are accustomed,"

and on that definition denied the fact and the possibility of a miracle, arguing that it would destroy the immutability of God. Hume and modern rationalists, while holding the same conclusion, do not emphasize the same reason as Spinoza, the overthrow of God's immutability, but seek other grounds. But when, in the history of this great question, one stops upon Spinoza's writings, it seems very clear that the two opinions which have been entertained in the past will continue to be entertained in the future; because there are just two ways of regarding things external to ourself, or, in other words, the universe. One class of minds always have regarded it, and always will regard it, as under the direct and constant control of God. When the stars move in their orbit it is God moving them. When the fly clings to the window-pane, it is God who keeps him there. Everything becomes a visible manifestation of a living God. He moves the clouds by His own laws; He brings the storms as He will. The whole system of what we call Nature is only God working. With an infinite wisdom, and without hindrances in physical force, He is to the universe what a man may be to a business establishment. The rules which he makes are for his convenience, not for his control, and the rule which seemed wise yesterday may not be so to-day, and may not be so again to-morrow. This is the religious idea which makes God the living force and will behind the blind and dumb agents of the physical world. This is the view of the old Hebrew prophets, to whom whirlwind and earthquake, and sunshine and dew, Arcturus and his sons, Orion, and the

Pleiades, the ant and the locust, the wild elements coursing over earth and sky and sea, are only the agents and messengers of God. To study science is to study God. It is to look through nature up to nature's God.

And the other view is that which Spinoza took. The conception of *mechanism* in the universe becomes prominent. Everything is looked at as a part of a mighty machine which grinds and crashes on forever. Not a single atom can be lost or misplaced. When the stars move it is because the machinery turns them. When the fly crawls on the window-pane it is because the mechanism compels it by means of the vacuum in his little feet. The storm is one product of the flying wheels. Look behind it and you shall see another wheel turning it, and behind that another, and so on to the central force, the great motive power, which is, perhaps, an unseen sun. Now, to tell such a man of a miracle is to tell an absurdity. How can a great machine, where every part hangs upon another and every wheel cogs into another, how can it have one wheel stopped or one belt taken off even for a moment without stopping the whole or plunging it into a fearful state of self-destruction? The conception of a governing will-power is obscured or lost, and in its place there is the conception of an engine endowed with perpetual motion, generating force and supplying its own fuel from its own product. Even if God originally made the machine, says Spinoza, says Leibnitz, yet, having made it, as an unchangeable God He cannot interfere to alter or correct it. Hence a miracle so called is impossible.

These two different tendencies of the human mind may make this question as permanent as human nature itself. One class will always refer everything to a living will, and the other to a perfect mechanism. The *North American Magazine* for this month (May, 1879) gives a symposium in which five distinguished men discuss the same question as one of the most interesting ones of our day. Cicero gave the same kind of a symposium twenty centuries ago, and I do not doubt that Macaulay's New Zealander, however distant may be the era when he shall flourish, will find this same question surviving the wrecks of our present civilization. Neither army will ever extinguish the other. But you will notice that the believer in the possibility of miracles by no means denies that God controls the universe by fixed and regular rules, or what are usually called *natural laws.* The very idea of a miracle makes necessary such a conception; for a miracle is only a miracle as it is distinguished from the usual and ordinary course of events. Unless God did have fixed and definite laws in His government, by the uniform experience of which we should know what to expect in any case, a miracle would be an impossibility, because nothing could be more strange or unexpected than anything else. So far, then, are fixed natural laws from making a miracle impossible, that they alone make such a possibility. When the sacred writers record a miracle, it is very clear that they regard it as worthy of record only because it is so strange and so different from what their experience had shown them, and from what they thought future experience would show to

others that it must be preserved. The objection of Spinoza that a miracle destroys the conception of an unchanging God can stand only when we conceive of God as he did, existing somewhere outside of the universal machine which He has made with infinite skill. If God made the universe as men make machinery, simply to save labor, if He made it as a jeweller makes a watch, which must be warranted to run without his ever seeing it again for so long a time, then to work a miracle, to change, or suspend, or stop any part of this machine or watch might be said to indicate either change of purpose or imperfection in the work.

But it seems incredible that any one should think God made the splendid and interbalancing system, where the grain of dust on our planet is in equipoise with another grain of matter in the filmy stain upon the evening sky where the nebulæ lose themselves, for any merely physical end, for anything short of some great moral purpose, which spans the ages and associates itself not with matter but with spirit. Any adequate apprehension of a divine plan must reach beyond the matter which we see, and include the being which sees it, and that being is moral and spiritual. Now, reason from yourself for a moment. In yourself you recognize two distinct and differing parts. You have a mind and you have a body. Your body is made of the same constituents that obtain in earth and vegetable. Your mind you cannot analyze; you cannot define except by saying it is not matter. But God who made them both had a purpose in each. Which is likely to be the most important, the ulterior

object with God, the development of the mind with its intellectual and moral powers, or the continued flux and reflux of matter? If you say the moral purpose must be the dominant one, then the universe becomes only the splendid theatre on which the drama of mind-growth is to be played. Every physical law, however grand its sweep, becomes merely an instrument, a means with God for accomplishing some eternal moral purpose. The instruction of mankind, the evolution of Newtons and La Places from Caffirs and Bushmen; the gradual shaping of the soul of Wilberforce or Florence Nightingale out of the unpromising soul-powers of the scurrying crows of the early Anglo-Saxon race; the lifting up and apotheosis of mankind from low levels, where they share the instincts and pleasures of the brutes, to the highest ranges of the soul, where it finds its rest and its companionship with God. Think of that beside the highest possibilities of natural forces, and how insignificant the latter seem. Continents rising from the watery seas, continents swept and striated by moving ice-mountains, continents cracked and melted by ages of fiery heat, continents rising and sinking like bubbles, and what for except that they might at last receive as they did the mighty forces of organic life over which Mind should rule. The storm, before which our souls are timid as it rolls its ponderous wheels along the pathway of the skies, which overawes us with its frowning masses of blackness charged with the swift lightning, what is its object but to sweep the atmosphere and make it fit for life to breathe? The rain, the snow, the sunlight, the

soil, the air are valuable only as they make life possible, and at the apex and crown of living creatures, controlling all, using all, dominating all, is the Mind and Soul of man, which alone looks forward to immortality, which alone shares Thought by which the worlds were formed. He who thus looks at the moral purpose of the universe rather than at its physical grandeur, will call the elements but the tools of God, and will expect those tools to be used as they shall best accomplish the design before Him. He is immutable in His great moral purpose. In the instruments He may depend upon a mutable human will.

But take again this definition of Spinoza, for he embodied all the modern Deism in his essays: "A miracle signifies any work the natural cause of which we cannot explain after the example of anything else to which we are accustomed." What is the natural cause of any phenomenon in nature? No man knows. We know absolutely nothing with certainty as to cause and effect. When Hume came to write his philosophical essays he acknowledged this. He says, "Even in the most familiar events, the energy of the cause is as unintelligible as in the most extraordinary and unusual." We cannot say absolutely of any two things in nature, however often recurring in human experience, that therefore they are cause and effect. They may by thus recurring together indicate some unknown cause. Take gravitation, for instance. We say weight is caused by gravitation. "But there may be in matter itself a complex system of forces as little known as were the gases to Aristotle, and the real cause may lie in them."

Now, when you say, as Hume said, that to prove a miracle is impossible, because it is contrary to the experience of mankind, which experience is that natural cause and effect are regular and certain, his own statement confronts him. We do not know that any two phenomena are related to each as cause and effect. Are material phenomena always to be attributed to material causes? Not at all. Human will is certainly as much a cause as many physical things are. If I may set in motion a hundred physical agencies, which partially suspend other agencies, if my will may change the course of rivers, the sites of mountains, the temperature of a room, may interfere with any natural law to the extent of my physical power, what is there impossible in the supposition that God's will, by which everything moves, may be a cause ever working in the universe, and may, at times, as He sees fit, for moral purposes, work in different ways from those we call natural? Behind many natural events, then, there lies the human will as a cause.

When an engine moves, it is by the will of the engineer. The moving of the lever is the physical cause. But the real cause lies outside the physical world,—lies in the mind of a man. So behind every physical event there lies the will of God, and we cannot deny to God the possibility of doing what we know ourselves to do every day. It does not only seem possible that a living God should make Himself and His moral will known by a supernatural action, but it seems most accordant with the character in which He is the nearest to us, in which all men love to think of Him as a Father. To

say that our Father is able to create a world and to put us into it, and yet cannot tell us His will; to say that because He can make so sublime a universe, therefore He cannot interfere or work in it; to say that because He made us with an unquenchable desire to know Him and what He wants us to do, therefore it is impossible that He should reveal Himself and His will, is to trifle with our reason and our heart. No, if there be a God, He must be in the universe, the last and omnipotent cause of all things, and what He will do, and when He will do it, and how it shall be done, He who framed nature, and who formed the human mind, is able to determine for Himself. When we come to analyze the question we find, as Hume was constrained to admit, that we cannot demonstrate the impossibility of a miracle, because it is evidently possible that the course of nature might be different.

You will notice that so far as the present results of scientific investigations are valuable they point not only to the possibility but to the fact of a miracle.

To the eyes of every one it is plain that life is now existing on the earth. Science tells us and Genesis tells us that there was a period when life could not have existed on the earth. So life has begun somewhere in time. If it developed itself from matter, of course there was no creative act, there is no longer a place for God. But if it did not so develop itself as the great scientists all agree there is no evidence that it did, then there was of necessity an external power who created it. But an act of creation in time is certainly a miracle by Spinoza's definition, by Hume's definition; and one miracle

conceded leaves no room to deny the possibility of more.

Haeckel is the only consistent deist, because he is an atheist. With him, as with Le Fevre, the idea of God is an empty chimera.

II. But did the New Testament miracles take place? The answer to this question must depend upon what kind of evidence shall be thought sufficient to prove them. Hume's proposition that no amount of human testimony can establish the fact of a miracle because the experience of mankind will always be a greater evidence to the contrary, has been exploded again and again. For the experience of mankind affirms as much as it denies a miracle.

We know experience by history, and it is notorious that every people have traditions of miracles, not well attested,—mere legends they may be,—but yet they express a past experience of belief in miracles. The New Testament writers were men, and record miracles as part of the experience of their age and nation, and on the history of that experience the most enlightened people of modern ages have believed in the fact of a miracle. How, then, is it true that all the human testimony possible cannot stand against the weight of human experience, which is divided and nugatory?

When it is looked at as a simple question of fact, did such events take place, the only kind of evidence necessary is the human testimony which would establish any other unusual fact.

Take the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the grave as the most stupendous fact recorded in human expe-

rience. It is an undeniable truth that millions of people now cling to that fact as a fact with greater intensity than to any other that ever occurred. It is equally undeniable that in every age of the past since the life of Jesus, for eighteen centuries, millions upon millions have clung to the same fact with the same intensity. No fact in human experience has so polarized the hopes of humanity as this. The granting of Magna Charta was probably the most important event in the political history of the world. But the Anglo-Saxon race, which loves to think of Runnymede because a mighty fact took place there, has always turned its face with even a deeper reverence to that valley by the ancient city of a Semitic race, where took place that greater fact of a man raised from the dead. On what evidence then has this long and wide-spread belief rested? On the simple, consistent, and calm testimony of many witnesses. Not one man, but hundreds saw Him risen from the dead. Not only did the sense of sight, but that of the ear and of the touch satisfy the witnesses. The very same improbability which we should attach toward such an event to-day, the witnesses attached to that then, and were convinced against their incredulity.

The entire narrative, which in the last lecture I showed was written by eye-witnesses, shows conclusively that the Apostles and disciples had no dream of a resurrection of their leader. They were sadly reconciling themselves to the wreck of all their hopes. "We trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel," they said. The despair of Judas killed him.

Thomas was probably not different from the rest in his astonishment and incredulity when he was told of the fact of the resurrection. Everything goes to prove that the witnesses were calm, unbiassed, and incredulous at first. So far from having formed an opinion and lashed themselves into a frenzy of expectation that the event must occur, the express, reiterated statements of the Gospels are that they absolutely refused credence to it at first. "And the disciples, when they had heard that He was alive and had been seen of her (Mary), believed not. And after that He appeared unto two of them as they walked, and they went and told it to the rest, neither believed they them. Afterwards He appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen." You cannot reject the testimony of men in such a frame of mind on the ground of a bias in favor of the fact, any more than you can reject the testimony which convinced men so incredulous. Some sceptics have boldly taken the ground that the statements of miracles in the New Testament are unlimited deceits and frauds,—that the whole thing is a tissue of invention for ulterior purposes. But so gross and incredible a proposition has been almost universally abandoned, and these miracles are *explained*, not denied. One great school of sceptics, admitting the Gospel to be genuine, suppose the miracles to have been merely natural events mistaken for supernatural through zeal or enthusiasm. But there is nothing to prove the zeal and enthusiasm, and, besides, it is utterly incredible

that such mistakes should occur time and time again through years, in every circumstance, and place, and mode, and be made by different men exactly in the same way. Such a thing is past belief. The senses may err, undoubtedly. But the chances that your eyes and mine shall see the same illusion at the same time and in the same place are almost nothing. That a hundred men shall have the same optical defect or physical infirmity, so that they shall all believe they see the same thing at the same time, is by the law of chances improbable almost to impossibility. That different senses of these men besides the eye shall also register untruly and yet unanimously is beyond belief, because, by Hume's definition, it is entirely contrary to all human experience. One of the librarians of Harvard College, who had been accustomed for many years to see a friend of his standing in one particular alcove of the library at the same hour of each day, could not rid himself of the illusion after that friend's death that he still saw him standing there at the usual hour. Now, there is a plain case of illusion, felt to be so by the witness himself. His sense of sight deceived him, as he saw at once when he went up to the supposed person. But, consider how thoroughly incredible it is that you or I should have seen the same thing and should not have wondered as much at the librarian as the banqueters did at Macbeth's illusion. Call a hundred men into that library, and is it supposable that they should all be deceived the same way, especially if their ears and fingers assisted in the test? Every one feels the strength of such a parallel.

That theory will not do. It raises more miracles than it explains.

Then we have the theory that these are mere legends. They were not actual facts, but subsequent inventions made to agree with the conception of what Jesus ought to have done. They become mythical in their origin. But you must remember that as against this theory all the evidence points to an early writing of the Gospels. Even the mythical school of sceptics do not set a later date for the Gospels than twenty-five years after John's death. There is no room for a myth to develop, even if it were an age of myths. But in fact the era of myths was gone. Even the mythology of the Empire was openly laughed at. John the Baptist was the greatest prophet since Elias; he came in the spirit and power of Elias, the greatest miracle worker of the ancient Jews, and yet there is not a miracle attributed to John, and they are expressly denied. And yet the zeal and enthusiasm for John were far greater than that for Jesus.

Why are not the Gospels and Josephus full of the miracles of the Baptist, who was nearer to the age of myths than Jesus? Why are the youth and early manhood of Jesus entirely devoid of all supernatural manifestations? They who invent a legend of miracles to support an idea must fall into the error of the false gospels which make the child Jesus a capricious wonder-worker. No, the theory of myths will not do, because the miracles are records by eye-witnesses; because the age of myths was closed, and because the other places where myths would most likely appear in the Gospels,

if they occurred in the memoirs of Jesus, are simple and prosaic statements of undoubted facts.

All metaphysical speculations as to the dreams and fancies and spectral illusions are as airy and imponderable as dreams themselves. Dreaming men are pretty apt to wake up when the fire scorches them and when forty stripes save one are laid on their back. As strong as is the direct evidence to the miracles of Christ, the corroborations which it has are not less so.

CORROBORATIONS.

1. The entire history of Palestine, from the earliest days to the Christian era, shows a unique and marvellous preservation of a pure religious idea. Everything which differentiated it from surrounding nations emphasized the fact that it was supernaturally preserved for some great religious and moral purpose. Its subsequent history shows that from Palestine did really issue the one world-religion in Jesus Christ. Judaism before Christ, Christianity after Christ, are twin pillars supporting the miracles of Christ and supported by them. The days of Augustus were the pivot on which the old world was swinging into the new. Then more than any other time in history was God working in upheaving and reforming old systems and old institutions. At no other time would miracles be so natural or so important as in a nascent state.

2. The origin and growth of Christianity are so inexplicable upon any other theory than the fact of the miracles, that even Gibbon, in his "Secondary Causes," is obliged to make the claim of miracles one of the

strongest causes. For Christianity, from the very first, rested itself on the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as any one may see who reads the sermons of the Apostles in the Acts and Epistles. By that fact it conquered.

Whatever an age christianized may think of miracles, it is an undoubted fact that by miracles alone were the nations christianized. If Jesus did not rise from the dead, the growth of Christianity on that assertion is the most stupendous miracle in history. Mohammedanism in a hundred years spread from the Ganges to the Pyrenees, but at the head of its advance flashed the sword of Khaled and Amrou, and behind it lay uncoiling the iron will of Omars and Moawiyahs. In three hundred years Christianity pushed its way from the tomb in the Cedron ravine to the imperial throne that swayed the world. At seven hundred years of age she met and pushed back the crescent of the Saracen. At eighteen hundred years of age she is raising her standard in every spot where men breathe. Mohammedanism is moribund. Christianity is in the spring of virility.

The weapon that has flashed before her progress is the spear that drew water and blood from her Founder's heart. The mighty uncoiling spring that lies behind her is the fact of the resurrection of that same Founder from the grave. Khaled's sword flashes no more in the valleys of Syria. Omar's will no longer hurls armies like sand pillars from Arabia whirling over sea and mountain. But the fact of Christ's resurrection is to-day the mightiest principle in the civilization and hopes of the globe. Such endurance and

freshness of influence is in itself enough to prove its miraculous nature.

3. The conversion of so many great men by these miracles at the beginning of Christianity and their martyrdom for belief in them is irresistible argument corroborating them as facts.

Fanaticism is not an allowable charge here, because fanaticism associates itself not with facts but with theories. A man who firmly believes himself to be somebody else, and dies rather than give up that belief, is a fanatic. But men who die rather than deny the testimony of their own senses, tested and tested again, cannot be called fanatics. St. Paul died a martyr. At one time he was a bitter antagonist to Christianity. If there is any way to explain his life and death so philosophically and sensibly as the way in which he himself explains it by an actual sight of the risen Lord, that explanation is yet to be made. No one has even approximated it in the past.

4. The grandeur and worth of the miracles themselves corroborate their evidences. Excepting two which some have cavilled at, the entire number of them tell the same sweet story of a healing and loving God. The eleventh chapter of St. John, where the pathetic story of a broken home in Bethany is told, where Lazarus comes forth at the weeping Saviour's cry, while the Jews exclaim, "Behold how He loved him," is the sublimest Thanatopsis ever given to man. The widow's son, the man born blind, the sleeping daughter in Capernaum, how powerfully they bear in upon the consciousness the conviction that it is as easy for Him

to say "Thy sins are forgiven thee," as to say "Take up thy bed and walk"! How they blend with all His life and death as evidences of a Saviour's love! How true they are to our conception of what a God-man should do! We feel at once when we read them that they are just our ideals of miracles. Not by works upon the sun and stars, not by the convulsions of the elementary world does the Saviour assert His divinity, but in the hospital corridors of life, where men are weak and suffering, and dying and dead, His divine presence moves, and suffering humanity at its lowest ebb touches God and lives again. Misery raises its head and smiles. Women from whom street-boys start away touch His hand and become the Magdalenes whom generations yet unborn shall love. These are the Gospel miracles, these are the instinctive virtues of a life which some call a falsehood and some a legend. But the world will not willingly let them die so long as by all the evidence of senses, and by the reasoning of the human intellect, they stand as *facts* in history.

AMUSEMENTS.

William Cowper said, "God made the country and man made the town." Long before him Cowley had expressed the same thought in a yet more vivid way: "God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain."

These are but echoes of the common voice of poets and philosophers who have studied the effect of large cities upon the moral condition of mankind. One of the greatest problems that the last two centuries have had to solve, and one which is still unsolved, is the care of large masses of people gathered in centres. The rise of manufacturing interests has made astonishing changes in the aspect of the social world. In the reign of Charles II. there was no provincial town in England containing thirty thousand people, and there were only four which contained as many as ten thousand, and now more than one-sixth of the whole population is crowded into cities of more than thirty thousand population. Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, each an imperial city, have grown from insignificant hamlets in six generations. Berlin, Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg, how they would astonish Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, the magnificent Louis, and the simple Peter could they see them now. In our own day we have seen villages become cities. San

Francisco and Chicago were scarcely on the maps thirty years ago. Those who have read E. D. Mansfield's "Memoirs" may realize what a Cincinnati he has seen expand from Front Street, between Broadway and Sycamore, in 1808. The great problem is thrust upon us with all of its branching propositions. How shall we house this vast throng, how feed them, how educate them, how control them, how keep them healthy in body and morals and mind? We are in the age of great municipalities. It is an inspiring and yet awful thought for the observer of human interests that another century may contemplate our present enormous cities, which give us so much difficulty, as but the germs of the mightier cities which shall be then, and shall speak of them as we speak of those of half a century ago. It is not to be denied that in some respects the growth and multiplication of large cities have been detrimental to the best interests of society, as in other respects they have been beneficial and indispensable. The changes in living, the changes in travel, the multiplication of conveniences in business, in amusements, in education, the entire disruption of the old habits of life have made the experience of the last generation very nearly useless in raising this one. Father and child have had to learn together, and the child has early discovered that in many things which make up his modern world his parent's experience began with his own.

The young mind is not apt to distinguish between knowledge and wisdom, although the distinction is fundamental and vast; as great, indeed, as between

the mulberry-leaf swinging on the tree and the flashing silk fabric that has been worked up from it, and consequently we are in an age when, more than in any other age in history, youth refuses homage to years, and beardless ignorance sneers at the warnings of venerable wisdom. The study of history, which is absolutely necessary to a generation who are "heirs of all the ages," and without which it cannot hope to avoid the "crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind," of which record Gibbon makes history consist, is neglected for rash experimentation and bubbling theories. In religious matters, young men will not lean on the matured wisdom of many generations. In finance, the present age refuses to be guided by Montague and Walpole, to be warned by John Law, the South Sea, and the Mississippi Company. In practical ethics, the well-known and defined limits which ages have marked out for right and wrong are fearlessly transgressed, and with a smile on their lips young people rush into pleasures which, unless human experience is at fault, must end in destruction alike to soul and body.

Liberalism in religion has made liberalism in morals. I do not know that Cincinnati is any worse than other great cities in the kind of amusements provided for young men, but it is perfectly clear that she provides everything that can destroy manhood, burn out spirituality, and ruin soul and body. Under the starlight she lies as a vast net to trip up unwary feet. Her pride, and her just pride is that she can draw crowds to her attractions and her entertainments. In the grind and whirl of our common life it is a noble thing

to have many ways of lifting men out of ruts once in a while; to see thousands of mechanics and laborers lay down their tools, and get away from noisy machinery and flying chips and dirty hods, and with clean clothes and clean bodies laugh off the fatigues of a week, or be blessed with a little insight into the world of music and art and heaven. To see them come up to the surface of this troubled sea of life for a fresh breath of air and a glimpse of an upper world is a glad thing for a man who cares for the happiness of others in some real way. But it ought to be carefully and persistently enforced upon young men that there is such a thing as a false and pernicious amusement,—that, like everything else in nature, it may kill those who think it is curing them. To draw a line between the extremes of Puritanism, which is shocked by a merry laugh, and the extremes of liberalism, which washes out drunkenness or adultery with a sentiment, may be very easy. But to discriminate between the vast multitudes that lie between these extremes; to say where innocent pleasure passes into conscious sin; to say how far Canute's chair can be pushed out on the beach and yet be safe from the grasp of the remorseless waves, is not easy. And that is the trouble which the religious and moral instinct in man has in chaperoning, if I may use the common word, the appetites and passions. Like young, inexperienced, volatile, and innocent girls, the passions are constantly saying, "Let me do this, just this one time, I am sure it will not hurt me," and like the more fearful parent who better understands the springs of human nature, religion has constantly to

interpose its checks and its reprimand, and gains the reputation of harshness and fossilism because it has the far-sightedness of old age. But in the same way that a parent longs for nothing on earth so much as the happiness of the child, so the very soul and nerve of religion is the desire to enlarge and educate and beautify the life of human nature. The God who gave His only Son to die that men might be happy in a life to come, is the same that equipped them for a million pleasures in the life they now live. When He made the eye He painted a universe of ever-changing beauties, rolling clouds filled with fire or chilled into alabaster, swaying forests, tumbling oceans, soaring mountains, mingled flowers and grasses, all to delight and gratify it. When He made the ear he did not forget its appetites for harmony, and tuned the universe to a mighty symphony rising from the rustling grain, the singing birds, the murmuring streams, the sullen storm-bass, the whole "earth with its thousand voices praising God." When He made man dependent, like an engine, on food and water, He differentiated him from an engine in that He gave him a palate which should yield him many pleasures, even in the necessary repair work of the physical system. If some people could make a race according to their ideas, they would strike out the palate and make a lid in the shoulder or side where, at stated times, so much food or fuel might be shovelled in, and they think it would be a very much better arrangement. But God thought differently. Out of the most common necessity of our nature He has constructed one of its greatest enjoyments. Everything

that God has given us in the way of capacity or function for pleasure has its correspondent means of gratification. There is no normal appetite or desire that fails to find its object in nature, and there is nothing in God's Word which anyways contradicts the design manifest in His works. While the Bible especially, and as a matter of course, deals with the serious questions of our origin and destiny, it is full of encouragements and suggestions as to pleasures and habits, and the current of it all is "Be joyous."

If a Christian, who holds the promise of both lives, that which now is and that which is to come, cannot be bright and merry and full of sunshine, there is something wrong. He is a Christian only as he grows in genial and loving and helping humanity.

And he best exemplifies and establishes the divine origin of his religion who shows to men that it has stimulated and evoked all the functions of his nature and made him more manly in every sense,—a creature of joy as well as of hope. Why, it is a fearful thing to see a good Christian minister drop into a social gathering and the young people fall away from him as if they were charged with a negative current of electricity, and they wouldn't do it if somehow or other the idea had not got abroad that a right good laugh and free conversation made him feel despondent as to the welfare of humanity. And, on the other hand, I think it is a good sign of the times that there is a rapidly increasing number of ministers who are welcomed and sought after by young people, and who at least get a chance to impress upon them that it is possible to

retain something of humanity side by side with something of divinity. Let this not be thought to be a censure on anybody. I speak only for myself, with the highest possible respect and reverence for those who may differ from me as to the life which a minister should live and the habits he should form. But I can never abandon the thought that the only way to teach young people is to be young myself, and that it is a monstrous mistake to think that youth is a matter of years and the color of the hair. Some men are patriarchal at twenty, and some are mere boys at seventy, and in every theological seminary there ought to be a chair whose sole duty should be to teach us how to keep young and fresh. And perhaps the first position that such an instructor would have to take would be that the only way to keep young and unworn is to diversify life by amusements, the same amusements which others need and have, but from which, as a class, ministers keep away. But now that I have said this much in order that you may understand the frame of mind in which I discuss this question of amusements, and that you may see that I am not in any sense a biassed or prejudiced adviser, let me put before you, young men, as a young man myself, who shares your experiences and your temptations, a few thoughts which ought to influence us all.

1. In the first place, what is the primary reason of amusement? It is defined in one of its synonymes, *recreation*. That only is an amusement which recreates, builds up again. Well, then, something must have been used up, worn out, before amusement can be real.

There can be no recreation without prior labor. He reads the Old Testament very superficially who gets from it the thought that labor is spoken of as a curse. When the Paradise was ready in its vernal beauty for the coming Man, when Man was created pure and happy, the first command that ever fell on human ears was the command to till and labor and prune. Even Paradise could not be enjoyed unless work was done. The curse was something later than that. It was the hard and unwilling and worrying toil of a man who had lost his disposition and power to see the bright side of life, who fretted over the briars and grumbled over sterile soil, whose whole character had been changed and soured and turned away from God. If you want to enjoy life, if you want real amusement, then, you must have some regular and positive work.

Of all the creatures between heaven and earth, there are none so miserable as those who have nothing to do. Life becomes a burden and how to pass the time a problem. Take a young man who has plenty of money and no business,—nothing to do but just enjoy himself. Why, the inexperienced say, that is just my ideal of happiness; that is just what every man is looking forward to. And yet I believe firmly that a hod-carrier gets more enjoyment out of a piece of bread and cheese than this other man can get out of all his resources. For pleasure becomes a more wearying labor than hod-carrying would be. Look at him. At ten or eleven o'clock in the morning he creeps out of bed, stirs up the sluggish currents of his mind over the morning papers, yawns over his breakfast, gets ready

to go out, and then wonders where he shall go. One place bored him yesterday, another place the day before. He can't eat all the time, nor drink up a whole day. He can't go to his friends, because they are at work. Generally speaking, this kind of a man don't want to read anything more inspiring than the New York *Clipper* or *Spirit of the Times*. He yawns through the afternoon, brightening up toward evening, and just begins to be himself and get his eyes open when other men want to go to bed. In the summer he can go North, in the winter South, but the one thing that prevents him from enjoyment is satiety. He has left out the most necessary element of amusement,—labor. Any man can enjoy a good dinner when he is hungry. No man can enjoy a succession of dinners. The appetite, once satisfied, must be recreated, and the only way that can be done is by such physical or mental labor as uses up some bodily tissues, and makes a demand for more food to supply the loss. Now, such a young man as I have described is as surely killing himself by so-called amusements as if he were taking poison every day in increasing doses. For his body is a piece of machinery, in which every part is nicely adjusted to every other. The stomach and the brain, the blood and the lungs, all have their function, and all must be exercised in proper ways. Go and look at a loom when it is in motion; how wonderfully true it is in all it does! How different pieces all seem as by instinct to do their joint work accurately and swiftly! Let it lie idle a month and then try it, and it creaks and labors, and is faulty. Rest and rust are boon companions.

Machinery in iron mills, which cost thousands of dollars, is only old iron after a long vacation. Well, there is no mechanism ever invented more exquisite and complicated than the organism of your body. I once heard a lecture on the throat explained by charts, and it so impressed me with the delicacy and beauty of the complex apparatus that I wanted to speak in a whisper all the rest of the day for fear something might give way or get tangled. And no man ever yet has seen very far into the wonders of the brain, the thought-producer. Now, think of letting this machinery rust and fall to decay by negligence and want of use; think of a brain never exercised and perhaps constantly drenched with alcohol or clouded with narcotics; think of a fine watch movement kept under water, and how much doubt is there of the result? No, an amusement which is constant, which is a rule and not a rest of nature, is a cruel disease. I would rather break stone upon the road from morning till night than to have the awful torments of an empty life. Out of the pains and stings and weariness of the day there issues the great though unrecognized pleasure of an active and useful life. And, on the other hand, I imagine that a man who does nothing but amuse himself must at times have an overwhelming sense of his own uselessness and insignificance. He ought to tread carefully, lest he crush a more useful creature than himself hidden in the dust. And yet so strongly is the tide setting away from what is called common labor that it never occurs to any young man that it may be worth his while to be a shoemaker or painter if his father can

keep him in idleness. Many a man has a family of boys who do nothing, because they think themselves too good for a clerkship or a lathe, and other men do not think them good enough for anything else. So the days go by, the father supporting them as he can, and they have night and day to fill up somehow in amusements. Those boys are rusting every day. Their better powers are relaxing and weakening. Their whole life, full of great possibilities, which might span mighty seas of enterprise, is rotting at the wharf. Better take a hoe and raise cabbages, better get on the lowest edge of the treadmill of human labor and create enjoyments for yourself than to be satiated and worn out at the very threshold of your manhood. You may think this is exaggeration, and that every man would live that life if he were not driven to work by necessity. But do you remember vacations at school, how delightful the first day of the week was, how heavily the last went, what a relief it was at last to take up again the old grind at the books,—the same books which were so joyfully thrown away a little while before? We are the same boys now in our nature, and the same law governs us in the great decay of natural life. To lay down the books for a while, to get out of the old forms, to have a grand time on the play-ground, to let the mind rest, or the busy fingers, or the tired arms, is splendid. But when the bell rings back to work, and the long files string in to their different tasks, I have only pity for the one who lingers by himself and plays on and on drearily waiting till the tides of life set out again. All

their life is full and bursting with capacity for enjoyment. Abstinence has increased desire. With the wild abandon springing from the sense of duty done, of work accomplished, they fling themselves into games and amusements from which his tired nature shrinks, and at last he can neither study nor enjoy himself. He sinks into an atrophy, and when he dies there is not an ounce of active force removed from human affairs.

Constant and idle amusement not only kills the mental and physical life of a young man, but it strikes deeper yet into the nerve of his soul. It kills the powers by which we hope for eternal happiness. For the man who has nothing to do but to seek pleasure soon passes beyond the limits of a normal, moral life, and finds every idle moment a pressing and crescent temptation. Along the whole gamut of his human instincts swift-fingered temptation strikes, and the bass responds with the pressure. Many a sin which other men escape by reason of pressing business haunts him out in his listlessness and stabs him to the very soul. I can only appeal to your personal experience in this matter, but I can do that much boldly. For I am sure that the consciousness of you all responds to what I say that your most bitter recollections of unmanly and wicked thoughts and words and actions carry you back to the idle epochs of your life. If you haven't anything to do every day as a regular employment, in the name of all you hold sacred find something for yourself, or the devil will. Make your amusements recreation, change from labor. No matter what you have to spend by inheritance or gift,—the more you have the worst,—no matter what

you have to do in the way of occupation, find something and put your soul into it with the sweet conviction that far grander men have done and are now doing the same labor, however humble it be and however ungentleman-like it may seem. That is the most abominable word that ever struck manhood from our race. Do you suppose that in all the fine instincts and affections which underlie the gentleman's character there are not as many gentlemen laying brick and stoking engines as there are making bows in parlors and laws in legislatures? They may not have the same polish externally that comes from association with refined and cultured people. But I should rather be a gentleman behind a wheelbarrow than a *roué* or a do-nothing.

It ought to be an agony for you to know that you are like one of the apple-blossoms that are blown off from the tree. Think of it as it lies there with all its possibilities within it. God made it just like the thousands that are clinging still and developing new life, and yet it is but a beautiful wreck that shall drop to pieces and carry down its capabilities with it into dust. Don't let your life decay like that. Don't let your energies sink into the ground. Be something, do something that is honest and active, and remember that in ancestral lineage the blood of Howard and Montmorency is but of yesterday beside that of a gardener and his wife, and that all the sceptres which govern men are cut from the worn handle of an ancient spade.

2. Not only must work precede amusements, making them a recreation, but these amusements, to be healthful, must *satisfy*, not *stimulate*, appetites and passions.

Man craves amusements just as he does food. The instincts of nature are mandatory. He cannot toil day by day without satisfying hunger, nor without satisfying the many-voiced demands of his soul for esthetic and physical relaxation. But to have a hunger that is inappeasable, that grows with what it feeds upon, is a sure sign of disease. So any amusement from which you get up unsatisfied and clamorous is not normal, is dangerous.

GAMBLING.

Take a very common form of dissipation, gambling. There are hundreds of places in this city where young men can gather for this so-called amusement. Every game of ball, every race, event of any kind, is made a subject of wager. A young man says, "What harm is there in it? It is just what they do on 'change, only their chips are pork, or flour, or grain. But the whole system of business is getting to be merely a system of betting that prices will rise or fall." And so it is. If I were in active mercantile life I should regard with great anxiety the present condition of business. For gambling, whether conducted as a business or as a pleasure, is undoubtedly vicious and destructive. The common experience of the race so pronounces it. And the reason is clear. It constantly stimulates beyond its power to gratify. It acts on the soul just as salt water does on the thirst. It increases and makes ravenous the appetite it ought to quench. The more you drink, the thirstier you are. The more you win, the more you want. The more you lose, the more you must regain. There is nothing in human nature so revolting as the

cursed effects of gambling. Hot and feverish, eager and trembling, a man gets up from this amusement. You may think it easy to leave off, to lose or win a few pieces with equanimity, to take pleasure in it for an hour; but, unless men are wrong, it has a diabolic fascination. It made men sick to see Fox gamble hour after hour and night after night. The man who could control a Senate by the powers of his mind could not rise from his chair so long as he could hold the cards. And at the moment of rising the appetite which he had spent forty consecutive hours in trying to quench was raging with the virulence of insanity. The picture of the old grandfather in "Curiosity Shop" is a true and vivid one. It is a dangerous and false amusement which will surely kill your peace and purity. It was a grand day when the Philistines had Samson to amuse them. But as the days went by and his strength grew, he became more dangerous even while he amused them better. And he who had begun as a weak and chained slave, obedient to their beck and nod, was able at last to kill those whom he amused. Take care that the cursed vice of gambling be not your Samson. Weak in its beginnings you may control it then, but there will come a time when, if it bends itself and puts forth its matured strength, you will be crushed with the thousands of others who have laughed and sneered at the supposed weakness of the slave. Awaken in yourself once the desire of making money without labor, and all the wealth of Ormus and the Ind will not gratify it. Worse than the drunkard's thirst, it never drugs until it kills. So much liquor will drench the

brain, and the man is for the time dead and must stop. But the fearful mania of the gambler knows no stupor. It is a rising fever which masters the nature and never declines until it has burned its way to the very core of life. And yet in these hundreds of gambling holes in our cities, running contrary to law, the great majority of the frequenters are very young men. To say that the city should allow liberty in these things is opposed to common sense.

There are certain duties and certain responsibilities resting on every city as a guardian over wards. She is bound to take care of her insane, unfortunate, poor, prisoners, convicts, blind, and also of her minors. The statement that the city allowed faro-tables and gambling-rooms in her asylums and public institutions, where liberty was given to the inmates to play or not, would create a wild burst of popular indignation. But that her young men and boys, in every sense of the word her most important and promising wards, should find these dens open to them, lawlessly, at every corner does not make any impression. If the city has any functions to discharge, she certainly is bound to protect her young from scoundrels and from scoundrelism, and she is bound to do this without and even in opposition to their will.

VARIETY THEATRES.

Again, take the variety theatres. They fall under the same head of amusements which stimulate the worst passions that men have. They have but one object, and that is to reach down into the slums and gutters of the nature and nourish the life that creeps and hides there.

They touch and arouse dormant instincts that men ought to struggle to keep asleep. They fire the whole soul with unsacred flames, and no man ever yet went to them for a normal gratification of his nature and came away satisfied, unless he came away a fallen man. Amusements are to fill the demands of ordinary appetites, so far as those appetites are right and pure. But amusements which are hot-houses, where, in an unnatural temperature, passions are forced and driven into activity, kill by over-stimulation, and make nature a collection of monstrosities. That is just what these worst forms of city vice do. They so inflate the imagination, they so ignore the checks and safeguards of reason and decency, that every motion and action, bad as they are, are contrived so as to suggest something worse; and I care not who the man is who attends these places, he must in time have the enamel of his soul eaten off by the atmosphere of them. The imagination which is crowded with the images of licentious display becomes at last the picture-gallery where the soul loves most to dwell, and amid those creations of an impure but potent artist his real life is spent. Whatever he may seem to men who meet and converse with him and see the external life of him, he knows that he is only himself when he gets into the secret gallery of his imagination; that he is real only when he passes from image to image of the filthiest products of a filthy soul. The man who has, like Coleridge, seen the sun rise on Chamouni cannot obliterate the impressions of that splendid image though he live a thousand years. A man who has saturated himself

with the impurities of a bad variety theatre shall not wash his memory and his imagination clean though he live a dozen lives and turn the currents of Lethe through them. There is a cruelty and callousness in the heart of the man who loves to visit these places. We speak of the amusements of old Rome, where men struggled and were mangled and killed, while a laughing and excited crowd looked on. But they were sublime, they were God-like when contrasted with these arenas where purity is tortured, where a crowd of men who have mothers and sisters laugh and applaud the poor fallen creatures who are slowly killing themselves, soul and body, to amuse them. I say it is the remains of savage cruelty in us that makes men take delight in such exhibitions. There is where we touch the beasts and sink beneath them. I have one thought for a young man who shall visit these places to-night or to-morrow night. Sit quietly down and watch some young girl who shall be there. Exercise your thought one minute as to her past and present. Remember that she was once like your sister or your mother. Once she would have blushed to see you stare at her so. Think what she is now. Ask yourself what anguish yours would be if your sister were there before these men. Think of her future, a mere toy to be broken and thrown away into the streets, and then if you can do anything else but cry and go away, I tell you the bloodiest arena of ancient Rome had not a worse man than you in its amphitheatre. You are cruel to the soul. You have failed in the most splendid attribute of your divine nature, pity for distress and woman's weakness. You

have been recreant to every principle of honest chivalry. You have done that which should prevent you from lifting a hand or saying a word if your own wife, or sister, or friend should be sneered at and insulted by other men who care no more for her than you do for the poor girl on the stage, who has a mother or brother, perhaps, suffering agony for her at home, and marvelling that men can be so cruel. Knowing this, as a man of human sympathies, if you can find amusement in the exhibition of these poor girls, if your nature can find comfort in seeing and helping them down the whirling depths of their maelstrom-like life, may God help you, for only He who once made man from earth can recreate manhood when it is again so earthy.

PUBLIC BALLS.

I have not time to speak of other kinds of bad amusements. I had intended to speak of the public balls, which are so common, where temptations are multiplied and ordinary safeguards removed. Among your own circle of friends you are naturally restrained and guided by many considerations. Self-respect is assisted by the desire to retain social standing, by the unwillingness to lose character among your own friends, by family considerations, by conventional forms. But among strangers who touch your social life nowhere, who never saw you before and never shall see you again, all clustering restraints of fear and prudence are withdrawn. They are dangerous and immoral amusements which demand as much from us and cut away more than half our power. And whatever may be said

for dancing in ordinary social gatherings of friends and acquaintances, cannot be applied for a moment to dancing among strangers in public or private. There cannot be two opinions as to the bad effects of such balls on personal character and on municipal morality.

Beyond these few specific amusements which I have mentioned as especially dangerous,—gambling, variety shows, and public balls,—there are many others which each one may easily detect for himself. I have emphasized these particularly because they are so numerous and so bad, and because they are general in their influence. But every young man can very easily see where his amusements are drifting him, and I do not know any better rule than this to govern you: that any amusement is unsafe which from its nature would prevent your sister from enjoying it with you. I do not say that a man should go nowhere or do nothing unless it would be proper for his sister or mother to be seen there. But he should do nothing that in its own nature is unfit for his sister to know and hear. There is the decorum of society, and there is the decorum of virtue. The first may exclude her from your proper amusements, the latter never should. For if your sister would be mortified and ashamed, you may be sure God does not approve it, and any amusement which God condemns cannot be a safe amusement for man whom God made.

And now I have finished my message to you tonight. I have spoken of amusements which are dangerous because they are constant and unbroken by any regular occupation, and of those which are danger-

ous because they are stimulating to the worst elements in a nature which is not too good at its best.

I beg you to consider what I have said and see whether the voice of the preacher is not the voice of the conscience, and the voice of the conscience the voice of God. To deny you such false amusements is not to limit the capabilities of the nature, unless it be narrowing a flower-bed to tear out its weeds. There is a whole world of innocent amusements over which our nature may wing its flight. God has not left the lower animals to starve because the henbane and the deadly nightshade may not be safely eaten by them. He has not left man comfortless because there are poisons in his world of pleasure. Among the splendors of His creations He sends you forth unlimited, a master. All you see is yours, of everything that makes you happy you may freely take; there is only one thing of which He warns you, and that is that in the cool of the great evening He will walk among the trees and call for you. Be sure that you have not eaten of that experimental knowledge of evil, or else your muffled voice shall answer like another's did, "I was ashamed and hid myself." And if you have so eaten, as, alas! who has not, be sure you seek forgiveness and strength from the only one from whom they flow, Jesus Christ, who is to us forgiveness of sins and a fountain springing up within us to everlasting life.

READING.

To know what to read is as important as to know what to eat. If the mind has a lease of life extending beyond that of the body, it may be said that to know what to read is more important than to know what to eat. For the mind has its laws and its functions as the body has. Its health and its strength depend on the nourishment you give it. It is vigorous or flaccid as it is fed or starved. Because the intellect is invisible in its workings, and because it seems to get along somehow without much cultivation, many people are ready to deny it any regular laws such as are recognized as governing the body. When a man eats too much rich food at dinner he is ready to say, "I shall suffer for this. I shall feel indigestion to-night." When he walks too much he feels at once that to-morrow will find him worn out and useless. He knows these effects must follow in accordance with physical laws. The health of the body depends on the exercise of the functions in conformity with their requirements. Physical suffering makes men careful to avoid those actions from which physical suffering flows, but there are very few who have learned that it is just as dangerous to ignore or violate the laws by which the mind lives. Metaphysics is not yet a popular study, and is not known as a science by the

masses of a community. And the young mind is just like the young body,—most desirous of those foods which are least substantial and most gratifying. Children would rather have candy any time than roast beef, and would rather read fairy tales than English history.

Just at this time the world is flooded with reading-matter. Presses are constantly multiplying themselves and increasing their productive energy. Contrast a young man in the days of Luther's boyhood with a young man of to-day, and it is marvellous how much the world has changed. Luther had a few volumes of his own and access to the volumes accumulated in the library at Erfurt, but a second-hand bookstore contains more books, probably, than he ever saw. All the vast range of periodical, newspaper, and magazine literature was unknown to him. At Rome he saw the great library which Nicholas V. had begun in the Vatican, and was elated with the splendid literary achievements of the scholars about Leo and the rising school around the Medicis in Florence, and yet any young man to-day has more books open to him than all the scholars of the Reformation era put together. Every morning sees a thousand volumes born. For five cents you can buy as much reading-matter as will occupy you two hours constantly reading. And it is not to be supposed that in the deluge of brain-food there is not much that is bad and dangerous. There is no seal put upon the press. From it issues everything that will pay for itself in money. All censorship is removed, except that of selfish consideration of

gain and loss. The metal from which the Sermon on the Mount has just been printed may be melted up and poured into the matrix to form the plates from which the last obscenity shall be made public.

The markets where the mind buys, unlike those where the body is supplied, are entirely uninspected and unguarded. In such a condition of things it is highly important that this liberty of choice, which is unavoidable and perhaps salutary, should be accompanied with some considerations and warnings. The very fact that there is so much to read perplexes a thinking man as to what he shall take and what reject. The fact that there is so much good and so much bad, and that life is so short, makes a thinking man anxious to avoid mistakes and make as much of himself as he possibly can. Now, in what I shall say to-night I shall put the mind in analogy with the body, and the food of the mind in analogy with the food of the body.

DIVERSITY OF READING.

1. In the first place, then, the mind, like the body, has different functions, and requires changes of diet. No kind of literature, however good it may be, can round out the mind into healthy fulness by itself. See how your body is constituted. The food that you take into the stomach is worked up into chyle and poured into the blood, but it must have different ingredients in it to meet differing demands. Give a man nothing but potatoes day by day, and the demand for starch will be exceeded and other demands ignored.

He must have some food that nourishes the bones with lime, some that supplies the brain with phosphorus, some animal food that repairs the general waste of the body. He may satisfy the cravings of hunger with anything and with the same thing every day. Simeon Stylites managed to keep life in himself for forty years with a scanty diet of dates and water and herbs, but his body was a mere wreck; it accomplished nothing but simply holding together. If a man wants to get normal and regular work from his physical members he must give them the food by which they work, and that is as different as bone and muscle and gray matter and tissue are different. So it is with your mind. You must not starve one faculty while you overfeed another. You must read something in every department of literature,—enough at least to exercise and keep alive all functions of your mind. Analyze yourself now and see how much that means. You have an acquiring faculty which demands knowledge. You may derive this knowledge partially through the senses and partially by conversation, but it is by reading the experiences of others that you will learn the most. It is very strange that we speak of the people of past days as the ancients, whereas, as Sydney Smith has said, in everything implied by that word we are the ancients. We have the experience and the height of years. "They were clever children, and we only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients who have treasured up and are prepared to profit by all the experience which human life can supply." Standing thus at the summit of human progress, every man feels an in-

stinctive desire to know what mankind have done in the past. Emerson, in his "Essay on History," asks why there is such a feverish curiosity to find out the origin and nature of the Pyramids and ancient remains, and answers by the suggestion that it is because we are so anxious to know that the men of those days were just such men as we are, and moved by the same motives. We must establish the permanence of human characteristics. And so we are all of us constantly wanting to know something new which is really old. Our acquiring faculty, antennæ-like, is thrown out before us, groping its way into new regions.

The murder of Cæsar is just as exciting and novel to the person who hears of it for the first time as that of Perceval or Lincoln.

The study of history, then, is demanded by the instincts of the nature. You cannot safely neglect it. Every day of your life you ought to learn some additional facts as to the sayings and doings of those who have preceded us on the earth. It is a good thing to be informed as to the pedigree of the reigning trotter; but doesn't it seem a little incongruous that some men who can tell you about half a dozen generations of their horses, couldn't tell you whether the Great Charter was an event in the history of their ancestors or of that of the Chinese, and have no more conception of the mighty contest out of which their fathers fought the way into peace and liberty which we have inherited than they have of the Sylburgian methods? Just see what a circle of acquaintances you can call up about you. When you retire from the

active hum of struggling life and sit down before your books, and by a gesture call Shakspeare back to paint human nature for you, or Dante to sing to you out of the great score of his life, or Gibbon to pass before you in splendid array the men and women of imperial Rome, or Luther to tell the story of his strange life in words that are "half battles," are you not acquiring something of inestimable value to you in the same struggle of which they speak? And not only the history of men, but the history of things has its demands on you. This mighty development of science, the new facts that are constantly coming to light as to the way in which God has wrought on the earth, the kaleidoscopic changes from cycle to cycle, as the master hand turned the great combinations of atoms,— all this is a knowledge which none of us can ever master, and yet which we all pant to grasp. Your mind is an Athenian, eagerly demanding something new, and you can't safely refuse it at least an entrance upon such themes without dwarfing it. However much you may read on other branches, still you must find time to read something here if you want to polish all the different facets of your mind. In spite of inclinations or difficulties, the cry of the mind is that which Browning has expressed,—

> "Let me know all: Prate not of most or least,
> Painful or easy."

And then there is another great realm which the soul puts under tribute besides that of facts, and that is where the imagination seeks its food. Beyond the

things which are seen and felt there has been created, in the providence of God, a mighty and ever-expanding world of images and dreams. There the Poet leads us and the Novelist waves his wand to conjure up unreal and yet real characters. Every man ought to feed the instructive demands of his nature for this kind of reading. Every man ought, some time in his life, to take hold of his Virgil's hand, as Dante did, and get out from the turmoil and petty passions of men into the regions of contemplative peace and rest which the imagination creates. The friction of life is so hard, we are so blinded and deafened and lost amid the whirl and dust of daily struggles, that to take up a good novel or a good poem is like getting into the green woods after the day in the city. Poetry and fiction must enter into the nourishment you give your mind, or else those powers of the mind which appropriate and assimilate them by the decree of God will wither and shrink.

And over the twin worlds of fact and imagination there rises that faculty of the mind which we may call the reasoning faculty, which puts fact to fact and image to image, and draws from them truths by which men live. All that literature which teaches you how to think correctly, which instructs you how to use the tools of your mind, ought to be read and studied. A shoemaker will do better work with a few tools than you or I could do on the best furnished bench on which shoemaker ever sat. And to learn how to reason is as difficult and demands as much apprenticeship as to learn shoemaking or type-setting.

And yet this art of reasoning is the one which differentiates us from all other animals, and you expand the space between you and them just in proportion as you acquire this art. Then in this diversity of mental appetites I must not forget one other which dominates them all,—as it finds its source in them all,—and that is the religious instinct. If you neglect this you are starving yourself, even if you feed every other faculty to repletion. I make this a separate department of the mental structure because of its importance, although its life strikes down into reason and imagination and perception.

But you say, "How can I read over this great field? How can I begin to do so?"

I do not say you must read it over, but that you shall so diversify your reading as to know something of each branch. If you have a special line of professional study,—as every man ought to have,—some one branch in which you strive to be a master, it cannot be expected that you should scatter your powers over many. But the mind that never leaves one single phase of phenomena, which works on and on in its own special line without ever stopping to look outside and see the relation which it bears to others, may become proficient, but it will be narrow and wrong in its conclusions. We speak of the mind as a unit, and so it is, but it may be abnormally developed on one side to the deforming of the whole, and it is a pernicious kind of reading which is never varied. Even sermons, that are supposed to be as good reading as any other, would be detrimental to the mind if they were

the only food it received, and I imagine that that kind of literature is not the most extensively consumed. You cannot be a master in many branches. The Leonardo Da Vincis are very few among men. But you can keep all your brain powers alive by such general and diversified reading as will furnish something for each. It is astonishing how long a mental function will live on little food. Some men have never read a poem from the days when they were children. John Calvin, writing from the splendid panorama under the Alps, has not an image or figure in all his volumes. And yet such minds at times recur to those early impressions. Like hibernating animals, they wake up at last to the fact that the meal of long ago has been used up and must be repeated. Diversify your reading.

Get the best books in these main branches, and read them as you can. There are synopses of history; there are compendiums of scientific research; there are small treatises on mental philosophy. A little time will accomplish much, and you will be astonished at the rapid way in which your mind will spread into symmetry. We all meet people who are like the one described by Dr. Johnson: "People of one idea, and that one wrong." And the reason is very apparent. They have pierced the crust of knowledge at one place, and have been so contracted and narrow in their search that they have lost their bearings, and are digging on without the slightest conception of trend or object. Whatever you are reading steadily, you will master it better and see how it fits into the mosaic of human

interests and possibilities if you lay it aside at intervals for a different literature.

2. Another great canon which may be laid down absolutely is that your reading must be *pure*. Good blood is made from good food, and the mind makes the same demand. Here is one of the especial evils of our day, the vast quantity of tainted and vicious reading which is put before us. When Milton put out his "Areopagitica, or Defence of a Free Press," he had to submit it to a censor and receive his imprimatur before he could lay it at the door of the public.

Now every printing-press in America may freely issue its publications without censorship of any kind. Young men have books and papers sent them, apparently dropping out of the air, so mysterious is their origin, which are filled with corruption and depravity. The streets are lined with bulletin-boards on which are displayed the worst pictures of the worst vices. Young women's seminaries are invaded by circulars and pamphlets. No man can say what the daily mail shall bring into his house. Side by side with loving letters and invigorating thought there may be left, in delicate wrapper, a fearful engine of death,—a more potent enemy to peace and character than fated Troy found in the bowels of the wooden horse. Any man fresh from the penitentiary, who would not be trusted with a spoon or a piece of furniture, who would not be tolerated as a candidate for constable, may set up a press, if he has enough money, and become a teacher of the vices by which he lives.

The great stream of thought which once flowed pure

and healthful, and brought life to those who drank from it, is every day receiving more and more polluted tributaries, and becoming more unfit for indiscriminate use. The great cities which pollute the rivers and poison the people who live on their banks below are doing the same thing to the rivers of literary life. From this city are filthy sewers of thought emptying out. There are small offices from which issue more enduring poisons into the world of literature than the great Cloaca of ancient Rome has ever poured into the Tiber. There are unknown men in every city from whose pen nothing pure ever drops, and whose influence is greater than that of the Emersons and Carlyles. It is time that the public should arouse themselves and crush out this fearful traffic. It is time that a false modesty should perish and plain words be used to the young people who find this reading thick as autumn leaves about them.

The Society for Suppressing Vice has undertaken the work of exposing and punishing the manufacturers of these poisons, but they have been appalled at the magnitude of the evil.

In one case where the society prosecuted a publisher of obscene books, it was proven that in three years he had sent out the enormous number of one million three hundred and fifty thousand circulars addressed to that number of individuals throughout the country. What an organization is shown by this fact! What a network is cast over the land when one man can get so many addresses, and make money from so many sources!

The last report of this society speaks almost despondingly. "The evil we combat is a systemized business. Books and pictures which excite the passions . . . are among the agencies employed, and which it is the object of this society to eradicate and destroy. Add to these the foul ravings and obscene blasphemy of men lost to manly thoughts or principles, whose highest ambition is to publish something that shall shock the moral sensibility of all decent people, —much of this latter finding vent through low, vicious sheets, printed expressly for boys,—and then some tolerable conception can be formed of the work to which our energies are given." Last year this society seized and destroyed over twenty-one thousand pounds of obscene books and letter-press, over two hundred thousand bad pictures, and nearly a quarter of a million obscene circulars and songs. And yet this is scarcely paring the finger-nail of this colossal evil. It is a mere hand held out to catch the waters of a drenching storm. I speak to you, young men, to throw the weight of your life and influence against the fierce demand for this poisonous literature. Have nothing to do with it in any shape. Refuse to read it. Turn away from it as from the leprosy, as you would from one on whom the red plague-spot begins to flush and burn. With all the diversity of your reading, shun this as inimical to every function of your mind and soul. Like the miner and sapper, it will eat out the foundations on which your life rests, and be most dangerous when it seems most peaceful.

The artists of old used to say, "If you would acquire

grace, go and study the creations of Phidias." Perhaps it is true, as is said, that those who stand before the Belvedere Apollo unconsciously assume a noble attitude. The ideal man before them is so grand that by the mere force of imitation they strive to be like him.

St. John expresses the same thought when he says that we shall be "like Jesus, because we shall see him as he is." Well, apply this thought in the other direction.

Keep yourself constantly before the ideal creature of these depraved and licentious writers. Let your soul take for its study and its companion the deified passions and lusts. Let the marble beauties of Apollo disappear, and in their place the bestial image of a bestial god ascend the altar, and you are on a lower plane than Caligula stood when he raised his horse to the honors of his God. You will grow depraved by necessity. He who loves the company of the scavenger soon loves the filth where the scavenger is, and just as surely as you acquire a taste for this impure reading you will sink to the level of your instincts, where the beasts are your fellows. Other reading will pall upon you. Higher faculties will wither, lower ones grow, and before you know it the virus has permeated your system, your thoughts begin to show themselves through your actions and words, and you find yourself relegated to the society where you can speak freely and without disguise.

Walpole, who was too much of a politician to be much of a man, used to say that at his dinner-parties he always introduced obscene conversation, because every one present could participate in that, while every other subject would shut some one off. That is the

very principle which makes the different circles of conversation, from the knot of gamblers or horse-jockeys up to the circle of savants and ladies. Like seeks like. Affinities of thought make companionships. "Speak, that I may know thee," said Ben Jonson. Begin to saturate yourself with this infamous literature of the slums and brothels, and you will gradually drop from circle to circle, as each detects your changing voice inharmonious with its own, until you rest in the company of the slums and brothels. For your real life is in your thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is. I sometimes think it is the most difficult thing in the world to impress on the young man a truth which all experience emphasizes,—that you cannot wash away moral filth as you can wash your hands. Whatever the mind takes in it seizes and holds with a remorseless grasp. It takes it into its tissue and life, it works it up as an element in the man that is to be. You may forget it in details, just as you cannot see the alloy in the gold coin, and yet it is all there in its effects and essence. Your character is gradually forming itself every moment by the correlated forces which exist in and about it. It is the resultant of many causes, and it will bear the marks of every cause forever. Now you read a vile book or paper with your door locked and say to yourself, "It is only for to-day, this will be forgotten to-morrow. I shall be no worse for it." But you are putting an ineradicable stain on an imperishable fabric. You are making an image on the silver plate of your soul, in that one moment, which may be hidden and undeveloped in the camera for years. But some day the outer pall

shall drop off, the revealing light of another day shall strike in on that seemingly empty plate, and there shall come out boldly and distinctly, and without a line obscured, the long-forgotten impression of that day and hour. You remember the story that Hawthorne wrote to emphasize this truth. The old doctor had a daughter of marvellous beauty, but she carried a fearful mark on her cheek. With potent drugs he sought to draw that ugly defacement off. Little by little it disappeared. Slowly it retreated from the sight, and at last the beautiful creature lay before him unmarked, but dead. The stain was on the soul, and they departed together. It is not in the alchemy of man to cleanse the secret stains upon the inner life. You cannot kill a thought. Whether good or bad, it has entered on immortality. To stamp out a sunbeam is beyond your power. To use it either in growing roses or developing batrachian life buried in swamp marshes is left to you. By pure reading you may have pure thoughts, and by pure thoughts you may reach up to the manhood that God intended you to reach. By licentious and impure reading you will have impure thoughts, and by impure thoughts you must sink into the brute life from which He would rescue you.

And then, besides its subjective effect in weakening your own moral sense, it wipes out every pure and sweet ideal by which your life has ever been inspired. Instead of being raised from the plane of hard, mortifying facts nearer and nearer to the ideal manhood where every virtue is found, you drag down that manhood and cynically cut away from it everything that

you have venerated before. It is one of the sweet results of God's arrangement in setting us in families that the mind of the boy is made to contemplate the one woman whom he sees every day with all the love and respect which his soul permits. Womanhood is represented to him in his mother. Except in extraordinary cases, therefore, womanhood is to him everything pure and sweet. But the effect of this immoral literature is to ostracize that idea, and to make him question the virtue and honor of every woman he meets. A pure, sweet girl is as bad in heart as the ones he reads about. He judges all by the same standard himself, and sneers at any pretense to modesty and innocence. The very mother who loves and idolizes him, who never dreams that he has changed from the sweet child that nestled on her bosom, passes under his universal contempt for woman's character.

> "She raises a mortal to the skies,
> He drags an angel down."

Human nature always presents itself to such a diseased mind at an angle which lightens the worse and shades the best points.

For the man, who in his conception stands for the race, will do anything for his own gratification. Honor, virtue, friendship, religion are only the green withes of sentiment, to be snapped when the strong man will. They bind only fools and weaklings. Have you got into that fearful condition where in your secret heart you question everything and everybody that claims to be good? I can make all the stars of heaven shake if

I shake the glass through which I see them, and you can so deceive yourself as to believe that it is human nature that universally wears the ugly shapes which your jaundiced eyes create. Juvenal had not a high conception of the good in man, and yet he saw how prone we are to neglect the better part of that nature and dwell on the worse.

> "And there's a lust in man no charm can tame,
> Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
> On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born and die."

If you are in such a state that you believe every man to be a villain at heart, and every woman to be a haggler for her price, ask yourself whence you derived such a morbid thought, and I think you will have to answer that it came from the books and papers that you have read. It did not spring from pure and healthy reflections on human nature. You never got it from reading in the Gospels of the perfect manhood of which our powers are capable. You did not get it from poet or thinker, for they love to dwell on higher ranges of the soul, but you got it from pages that reflected a bad and brutish soul, and, Narcissus-like, you fell in love with your own self imaged there. Turn away from such pages. Put in their place finer conceptions of Man—Hyperion for a satyr.

How fearful it is to hear a young man in whom trust and confidence ought to be just opening into their flower speak harshly and sneeringly of every person he meets. Silenus at seventy is a spectacle, but at thirty he is a monster.

Look for the better characteristics of those about you, fling away every page that tells you to despise the virtues which once you loved, which crucifies and kills the ideal man, the embodiment of all that is God-like in us, which has done its perfect work only when it has hurled you into that chasm which yawns between man and the conscienceless animals. And on the other hand fill up your memory with more beautiful images. Read such books as make you proud that you are a man. With careful hand begin to train the powers which you share with the heroes of the world. With unsparing hand begin to root out the vices which every man who treads the penitentiary corridors shares with you. Dwell on the histories of human struggles. Study out the problem of weakness growing into strength. Go to the pages where Augustine's story is told, and learn how much may be done by a Monica's love even for a debauched and fallen man. Read everything that tends to exalt you, that raises your reverence for unseen virtues. And above all study manhood where it is at its best, where it is portrayed as blameless and perfect in the human life of the Man of Nazareth. In its combinations of force with gentleness, of intense conviction with infinite charity, how high that Gospel life rises above every other that man has sought to picture! We love Sir Roger de Coverley when Addison and Steele show him to us; we respect the noble manhood of Sir Charles Grandison when Richardson tries to paint a perfect man; we can even cry over the splendid benevolence of the Cheeryble Brothers. All such moral portraiture is for your study and imitation, but above them all,

different from them all, as the sea has in it the mingled streams of all the rivers, is the Manhood in the Gospel history. Read that story again and again, fill your mind with the incidents narrated there, and it will not be long before the currents of your being set toward Him. It will not be long before you begin to loathe the things you loved. In Raphael's great picture of the Transfiguration the eye falls at once on human nature at its highest and lowest points. On the summit Man is touching God, at the bottom Man is possessed of a devil.

Take either for your model and you may grow like it. You may remain tormented in the valley, or you may ascend the slopes of the hill where the celestial glories are, but those glories must be within you. The blind Milton knew what the transfiguring light was,—

> "He that has light within his own clear breast
> May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
> But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
> Benighted walks under the mid-day sun."

I have not sought to influence your judgment. I am sure you all know what I have said is true. But I have sought to influence your will, to stir you up to act on that you believe to be right. If I had desired to argue with you I should not have forgotten to dwell on the other side of the question, and show you that bad reading cannot benefit you in any way, even the slightest. While it is sure to corrupt, weaken, and kill the best powers that you have, it gives no compensations, not even momentary pleasure. It is not like the beatific

murder of opium, which opens heaven with one hand while it is preparing hell with the other; it is not like the exhilaration of wine, which crushes remorse in ecstasy, but it is the unpleasant drugging of ether, which disgusts and offends even while it is shutting out the oxygen from the life-blood and numbing the brain. The only way for you to act is to resolve never again from any motive to read what you know is bad. Make this resolution and adhere to it, and no man can say what you may not do for yourself. You will certainly begin a career grander than any limited by mortality, for you will begin to live by the power of an endless life, for as you grow more and more in purity of spirit, you will be moving nearer to that goal of human aspirations, when with the "pure in heart you shall see God."

HABITS.

The words *habit* and *custom* have each a primary reference to the outward dress. A man's habit is that which he wears, a man's custom is his costume. From this first sense there is the derived one, which is commonly understood, of any regular course of action, any daily law of procedure, into which he allows himself to grow, and which he wears as naturally as his clothes.

As in the primary use of the word the natural body is as much a habit or dress of the soul as is the second wrapping of cloth, so in the derived sense that which we call nature is only a first habit which we overlay and conceal with others. Habit is our second nature, or third, or fourth, as it may be. The habits of the infant are supplanted by those of the child, those of the child by those of the boy, and so on through the different phases of advancing years, until at length we all resign ourselves to the uniform habit of death. But while we are all creatures of habit, it is certainly clear that every man may determine his habits for himself,—he may say whether he will do to-day just what he did yesterday or not. He may to a certain extent follow or reject the precedents of his life, and say whether a custom is most honored in keeping or breaking it. In fact, this is the very spot where the struggle of life is to be most violent. This is the irrepressible slave-war of

humanity, where every man has to subdue or be subdued by his own nature. The struggle of the Helots, from which Greece could not escape; the struggle of the slaves, from which Rome could not escape; the struggle of servile classes to become masters, in every nation and age, typifies the greater conflict, from which no human being can escape, between lower and higher instincts of the soul, between the reason, which is the anointed king, and the passions which ought to be, and were not content to be, its subjects.

Perhaps it might be put yet more strongly than that, for as the judgment matures slowly and the passions are mature at the beginning, the struggle is one where the slaves are really in possession, and the king, reason, is fighting to reconquer his own. The growth of a habit, either good or bad, is so slow and imperceptible that it binds a man without his knowledge. You remember when Gulliver was asleep in Liliput, the thongs with which his little enemies bound him were mere hairs, any one of which was nothing, but a thousand of them woven over him, strand by strand, though too light in touch to arouse him, were strong enough to keep him prostrate. So it is that we find ourselves the slaves of habit. Without apprehending it the same thing is done over and over again, until that which seemed a trifle, governed by the will, becomes a necessity, from which the will cannot free us. Now I cannot begin to touch on the vast subject of bad habits tonight. I can only take two or three heads and group under them some general thoughts.

1. First, take the habit of selfishness. What a tre-

mendous word that is, and how much it holds! Some words are mere canoes, which tip over with more than one meaning, and others are like arks, in which you may find specimens of everything under heaven. This word "selfishness" is big enough to embrace every bad and creeping thing in human nature. There is nothing that is unnoble and base and unmanly that does not seem in some way to find itself naturally at home in this word "selfishness." It is vastly different from self-love, which is the energy in all nobility of character, which is the divine discontent with our surroundings as too small and poor for so great a nature, and refuses in any state in which it finds itself therewith to be content as a finality when God is calling it to better and higher planes. It is vastly different from the self-love which a man feels when he contemplates the possibilities in him, and contrasts what he is with what he hopes to be, for that is the quality by which the savage has grown into the gentleman, the unlettered nomad into the learned scholar, the rudiments of barbarism into the perfection of civilization, the bestiality of Hottentots into the spirituality of Leighton or Fénelon. That is a habit which consecrates and crowns; that is a habit which bids men rise above ordinary human rewards and titles, making them, like the Puritans of whom Macaulay speaks, nobles by the right of earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

But it is the selfishness which makes the universe swing on the pivot of your little soul; which puts all human interests in one scale and your smallest inclina-

tion in the other; which erects self—not a possibility, but an actuality—into God, and bids the world come and worship; which kills in you all humility and ambition alike. That is a habit which is so despicable that you ought to struggle to throw off every thread and stitch of it. It confuses your perceptions of the right relations of things about you. You become gradually discordant, both with God and man. Your conception of God depends on His gifts to you. Millions may perish of famine in China, but you do not care so long as your dinner is always ready. The slightest pain or hardship, though they may spring from causes which make thousands happy, occasion doubts in you as to the goodness of God. A toothache of yours occupies a larger field in the government of God than famines or pestilences. You want comfort from Him, but it is a comfort that stops with you, not one which makes you able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith you are comforted of God. You want blessings, but only for yourself. Your religion is one of gradually hardening selfishness, a mere personal chance of escape. Why do I say your religion, when religion is a product of love and necessity, not of arrogant calculation and hypocrisy? But if we analyze many of our prayers which are made in our retirement, what are they but selfish desires which we should despise God for answering in the sense we intend? They do not come from hearts where large and generous impulses are born, where the pity for human sufferings and sympathy with others' troubles are blended with the mighty emotions of our nearer life. The very essence of religion is unselfish-

ness,—the breaking down of the narrowing wall around us and melting ourselves into the great sea of human interests and human hopes. To be selfish, then, kills true religion. It leaves nothing of Golgotha but a barren, skull-shaped mound, stripping it of the splendid light which streamed from the unselfish death of the ideal man. It cuts out the nerve of the ideal prayer which begins "Our Father," expressing the common brotherhood and dependence of mankind.

And as it is in relation to God, so it is to man: selfishness twists us into ugly shapes. We so magnify ourselves and dwarf others that we lose judgment. As they shrink we grow until there seems to be a distance between us that is only an imagination, but yet affects all our actions and thoughts, so that to others we are absurd and ridiculous. They feel towards us just as we feel towards the child who thinks the chair and the moon are equally near to him.

In speaking to young men, these words on selfishness are especially demanded, because the circumstances of your life are most apt to encourage it. While you are living at home, with a mother and sisters, it is very natural that they should do a great many things for you, small in themselves and yet necessary, which you cannot return in kind. Now, if you begin to look on these things as a sort of tribute paid to your superior position as a man, if you condescendingly receive their offers to sew on a button, or clean up your room, or do anything by which your life is made happier, why, then you have the first element of selfishness, which is thoughtlessness. You forget that it is harder to do these little menial

offices, even for those we love, than it is to do some much greater things. And if after months of such favors you sometimes say, "Don't you want to go to the theatre or the concert with me?" you make a vast mistake if you think this is a receipt in full for all that has been done.

The hard things of life are the little things of personal trouble and effort, and I advise you to look very carefully into your life and see if you are allowing the love which your mother and sisters pour on you to blind you to your real position towards them, for this is the very school in which so many men are incapacitated for intercourse with men at large. You assume a superior tone at home, you learn to pity and then despise those who know nothing about the politics or business or sports of the day. Your family meekly, from the love they bear you, submit to this, and are, if anything, pleased to think you so much better posted than they are, and then when you are thrown among men who don't care a copper about you, it takes some time and much sense to root out the superciliousness and arrogance which they will not stand. Many a man of fine parts and good education has had to regret bitterly the way in which he received the sweetest and tenderest offices which earth shall ever give him. The recollection of his younger days, when pure and disinterested love was coaxing all his powers into life, when the slightest success was crowned and applauded by the proud circle of his home, when his every word was treasured as an oracle, becomes bitter when he thinks how selfishly he took it all, how small he really was

compared with the great loves that wasted themselves upon him, and how narrow and unsympathetic his own soul was. It is a very trying time of life. Everything inside and outside conspires to delude you into the belief that you are a little better than any one else, and to make you grow into a habit of selfish exaction. The real power of your life will show itself just in proportion as you learn to imitate, not enslave, this motherly and sisterly spirit of self-sacrifice. Take it as your model. Exert yourself to be a helping and loving member of the family. Share your thoughts and life with them. Begin a life of general usefulness by bringing sunshine with you from your outer to your inner life. When you go home from business, or school, or amusements, get pleasanter, not duller, as you near the house. You and I could go among our friends and pick out some who regard their home as a sulking-place. Outside they are genial enough, but when they get home they are peevish and irritable and selfish. When they dine out, if the steak isn't just right, they have a smile and a pleasant word, which lifts the weight from the heart of the host; but let the same thing occur at home, and our friend will express himself to mother, or sister, or wife in a way that would earn him a beating anywhere else. Have you some friend who has a home of his own, where he takes you once in a while and lets you see him in the little inner world where he is absolute ruler? Study him. Is he thoughtful and courteous and scrupulously polite to those whose life is tied to his? Does he exert himself as much to please his wife or sisters as he would any lady anywhere? Then he is

a gentleman to the soul,—one after the stamp of Bayard and not of Chesterfield,—who is gentle not because society demands it and it pays, but because his heart demands it and it is natural. Or is he one who likes to show his authority, who apologizes for everything that his wife says or does, who is constantly correcting or silencing her, who astonishes you by the vast change in his conduct since last evening, when you saw him so polite and gentlemanly at somebody's party? Why, then he is a veneered gentleman, a pinchbeck article, and selfishness is the base metal underneath. Everything he does may be explained by that one motive,—self; and he plays the gentleman in society only for the benefit he derives from the character. But you know very well which of these two kinds of men is the one that you respect the most and which you wish to be like. Think which one you are most like now, so far as you are like either, and you may find that with all your disgust for the brutality of the selfish man, you are already developing the germs of that same character. Habits grow slowly. They are not the small cloud in the morning and the sky-concealing storm at noon, but they are the acorn which a child can crush maturing through years of struggle into the gigantic oak which overshadows and dwarfs the strength of man. You will have to watch yourself; you will have to go through your nature as a man does through his garden, and see what strange seeds are putting forth their life. The struggle of life is to keep our hearts large and growing, to find room in them for an increasing number of affections and loves; to beat back

the world which tries to crowd us into a narrower life, and to welcome the world which draws out of self into a broader and grander life. In a word, it is just what the Saviour meant when He said that those who are willing to give up their life shall find it. They who are willing to sacrifice the things which most minister to their ease and comfort,—to be unselfish in the highest sense,—are the ones who find newer joys and comforts of which they had not dreamed; who gain a life infinitely higher than that they lose. Jean Jacques Rousseau tells us in his Confessions that at an early age he felt a strange sensation within him like the bursting of a great blood-vessel, the effects of which were so violent and painful that he was convinced his life could not last very long. But so far was he from becoming lethargic and indolent under this fear that he only began to live when he thought he was about to die. The sense of a shortened life intensified his desire to work while he could. It is a blessed thing when a young man is startled out of a quiet, contented life of selfish ease and comfort and made to feel that if he is to do anything worth doing it requires an energetic and painful struggle, and that he was never so happy as when he thought himself just about to be miserable, and that he was never so truly alive as when he began to die to everything that he was before.

INTEMPERANCE.

2. Then, leaving this habit of selfishness, on which we have scarcely touched, let us think together of the equally great habit of intemperance. Now, this word

is one of those which have been taken out of their general meaning and narrowed into a special sense. Every one of you, I do not doubt, immediately thought I was about to speak of the habit of drinking; and yet that is only one direction into which intemperance may run. Anywhere that we strike out from the even circle of life and permit any appetite to develop itself disproportionately we are intemperate in that appetite. And different men have different habits. Some are intemperate in their eating, some in drinking, some in talking, some in silence. To be intemperate is to be uneven in the exercise of different powers. Some people who are most violent against what they call intemperance, are people who do not know what temperance means. They shudder at the thought of wine or spirits, but they are under a constant intoxication of tea or coffee, or tobacco, or pride, or envy, or uncharitableness, or avarice, or meanness.

I confess I cannot regard him as a true apostle of reform who denounces even a thimbleful of liquor and then drinks a dozen cups of strong black tea. He does not seem to have acquired the first conception of temperance, which is equability of life,—due use, without abuse, of all proper appetites. Whether you shall drink any wine or beer is for you yourself to determine, and in the great majority of cases, if not in all, I make no doubt, you will be better without it. But it is a question for the physician to advise upon sometimes. But if you do make up your mind, on principle, to abstain totally from all such intoxicants, let me give you two words of advice. In the first place, don't allow your-

self to put any other vice in their stead as a sort of compensation, deforming yourself on one side while you are comely on the other. Give them up entirely, and don't depend on any kind of stimulants. And, in the second place, don't be always making a merit of your abstinence and pitying those who do not agree with you. To be drunk with self-esteem offends as much as any other drunkenness, and if there is anything more disgusting than a poor, drivelling whiskey-sot it is his antithesis, the man who is found in every social gathering, swelling with conceit and telling everybody intemperately how temperate he is.

There may be no more credit due you for abstaining than there is to another man for not abstaining. But whatever your conscience tells you to do, do it like a man: firmly, unostentatiously, and sensibly, for conscience' sake. But I want to take this splendid word "temperance" out of the little groove in which it has been made to run and give it to you to-night as the "open sesame" of a real manly life. Behind that word, as a symbol, lies the power by which you may remove every excrescence and round yourself into fulness and symmetry. You see, from the very nature of the word, a habit is that which a man wears. He ought to control it, not it him. Ask yourself, with regard to your own habits, now, whether it is true that they are obedient to your will or not. Do you smoke because you like to or because you have to? Do you drink because you need it, or because it is the time you drank yesterday and many yesterdays? Do you interlard your conversation with oaths to give it strength and intensity,

or do you use them unwittingly and spontaneously? Are you trying to make a fortune honestly and decently, or are you fiercely, intemperately rushing here and there in the fierce struggle, determined to put money in your purse by any means? Do you make your sports and amusements rational pauses from labor, or are they pushed beyond that into intemperate indulgence? The answer to all these questions, and dozens more like them, determines whether you are a temperate man or not. In a turning-factory you may see on one side of the lathe a rough piece of timber. Angular, dirty, unsightly, uneven, see the turner take it up and push it into the lathe and throw it down on the other side clean, rounded, and smooth. There is your model. Take up your life and you will find it a very uneven one; you may be happy if it is not a very unclean and unsightly one for you to contemplate. It is for you to see that its angularity is removed; that a habit is pared away here and removed entirely there, and that the whole surface of your life is polished and beautified. How that can be done, and what you need to do, you must find out for yourself. No one knows where your habits are strongest and worst but yourself. No one knows the hold they have on you, and it is very possible that you do not know that yourself unless you have tried to resist them. But there you find the battle-field of your life; there you enter into the twin mysteries of the conscience and the will.

Most of us keep up a sort of a skirmish, neither conquering nor conquered entirely. We do not, on the one hand, achieve what we hoped to in breaking down our

habits of evil; nor do we, on the other, succumb entirely to them. We enter into a sort of truce which is pleasant but apt to be dangerous. The hard fighting manhood ought to cry, with Tennyson,—

> "Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
> When I heard my days before me and the tumult of my life;
> Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit has not set,
> Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

Mediocrity is the lot of most of us, but it is nevertheless the state from which we ought to struggle to escape. The conscience sits, like Cato, in the senate of the soul, and against every member pleading for an evil habit and urging that it can be controlled raises its hoarse judgment: "Carthage must be destroyed." Evil habits are all intemperances. There is no peace or safety while they exist. Quiet and peaceful they may be for a time, but, like the quiet Carthage, they may some time send a Hannibal through all the natural defences of the soul up to its central citadel.

If you gather all I would have you from this one word "temperance," your mind will turn naturally to almost every habit which disfigures humanity, for all our passions are but exaggerated emotions. Hate is intensified dislike; fear is caution in extremity; idolatry is love beyond reason; the emotion of displeasure may be lashed into the passion of anger. So, you see, to be temperate is to be perfectly free and unhampered in the regular exercise of every function of your life. It is to keep yourself in equipoise and balance, and the elements so mixed in you that you may be called a man

by all the world. To control your passions is to control a menagerie. Old Archbishop Leighton has put this matter very forcibly:

"What! you will say, have I beasts within me? Yes, you have, and a vast number of them. Is anger an inconsiderable beast when it barks in your heart? What is deceit when it lies in a cunning mind; is it not a fox? Is not the man who is furiously bent on calumny a scorpion? Is not the person who is eagerly set on resentment and revenge a venomous viper? What do you say of a covetous man; is he not a ravenous wolf? Nay, there is no wild beast that is not found within us. And do you consider yourself as lord and prince of the wild beasts because you command those that are without, though you never think of subduing or setting bounds to those that are within you? What advantage have you by your reason, which enables you to overcome lions, if, after all, you are overcome by anger? To what purpose do you rule over the birds and catch them with gins, if you yourself, with the inconsistency of a bird, are ensnared by pride and brought down and caught by pleasure? But as it is shameful for him who rules over nations to be a slave at home, will it not be, in like manner, disgraceful for you, who exercise dominion over the beasts that are without you, to be subject to a great many of those of the worst sort that roar and domineer in your distempered soul?"

SENSUALITY.

3. Under these two heads of selfishness and temperance I have grouped much of what I have to say, and

yet there is one more habit which is especially dangerous, because it is an unseen and esoteric one, and that is the habit of sensuality. I have spoken in other lectures of the effect of immoral amusements and immoral reading, and it is only necessary for me to mention this subject now. But be well assured that any habits which you may form that foster and nourish this instinct are bad and fatal. The allurements of a great city are about you; you carry your life in your hand. The iniquity of man and the depravity of women conspire with your own nature to draw you to your destruction. Every night some one can tell the story of the old king who wrote the Proverbs, and every night it is a new and fearful truth,—

"For at the window of my house
I looked through my casement,
And beheld among the simple ones,
I discerned among the youths,
A young man void of understanding,
Passing through the street near her corner.
And he went the way to her house,
In the twilight, in the evening,
In the black and dark night.
And behold there met him a woman
With the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart.
With her much fair speech she caused him to yield;
With the flattering of her lips she forced him.
He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter,
Or as a fool to the correction of the stocks,
Till a dart strike through his liver.
As a bird hasteth to the snare,
And knoweth not that it is for his life.
Let not thine heart decline to her ways,
Go not astray in her paths;
For she hath cast down many wounded.

Yea, many strong men have been slain by her.
Her house is the way to hell,
Going down to the chambers of death."

I can add nothing to that. Take that picture from the streets of old Jerusalem, and you will find it a picture of the streets of Cincinnati to-day.

If there be anything in the voice of your conscience; if there be anything in the sense of an unstained life; if there be anything in the warnings of generations of human experience; if there be anything in the spiritual struggles of the soul, they will be found working together with all that is good in you to keep you from those places which all the world has ever designated by the most villainous names.

I cannot say more than that with propriety; I could not say less with consistency or with a sense of duty.

And now I have finished this evening's talk to you, not, I trust, without some of you finding in it the germs of high and noble living. To be unselfish, to be temperate, to be spiritual and clean, is it not worth fighting for and suffering for? To look carefully into your nature, as the grape-grower peers in among the green leaves of his vines, to see whether there be not some false growth there which shall drink up the currents of your life and yet be barren themselves, to use the painful and yet blessed surgeon's knife when you see how far habit has progressed into disease, this is the substance of it all. And it is so much easier to tell it than it is to do it, that you must not get discouraged if you do not succeed in accomplishing instantly that which seems so easy.

In the old Norse legends there is a story which tells us that Thor went down to visit the realm of the giants. Like all the gods of the mythologies, he must manifest himself by physical powers. They gave him a horn to drink from. With all his efforts he could only lower the liquor a little in the cup. They asked him to lift a cat from the floor. His utmost strength could only arch her back a little. An old woman came in to wrestle with him, and the war-god could not throw her more than to her knees. Baffled, weary, angry, the king turned to go, when they told him that they were amazed and terrified at what he had done, for the horn was connected with the seas, and he had made the oceans shrink; the cat was the great serpent which girdled and held together the whole earth, and he had actually lifted the eternal coil; the old hag whom he had brought to her knees was Death, whom none else could strive with. The old saga has its lesson for you and me, for the habits which seem so easy to master have a mighty invisible force behind them in our nature. We see only their symptoms, their externals, and those seem poor and weak. And we are surprised when they do not yield at once. But let us not be discouraged. Let us strive as we may with the help of God, and remember that a real and not legendary *Man* has fulfilled all that Thor attempted. For it was Jesus, the perfect Man, who made the seas obey Him, who put His heel upon the head of the great serpent and uncoiled his grasp upon the world, who fought with Death and conquered it. By Him the power of habits may be broken; by Him weakness may grow into

strength; by Him you may learn what St. Paul meant when he said he could do all things through Christ, who strengthened him; and by Him, and Him only, you may learn to solve your life's problem, to "quit you like men and be strong." Oh, it is in this feeling—that all men everywhere have an intense desire to be better than they are—that the pulpit has its deepest hold. When it speaks of a better life than this; when it speaks of this life being reformed and bettered; when it tells how unsatisfactory and poor are all the pleasures which sin yields; when it tries, even with a broken accent, to describe the kind of manhood which is possible for us all to approach, it meets a response in every heart. It is the eternal prophet of man's higher nature. Even the man who has started out at the call of religion to lead a new and manly life finds himself, like Lazarus, bound hand and foot and mouth with the habits of corruption. They must be unwrapped one by one at the Saviour's command: "Loose him and let him go." The powers of human nature for good and bad seem so evenly balanced, or so preponderant on the side of evil, that Ovid may be said to speak for us all when he says,—

> "I see the better and approve it,
> I follow the worse."

But we have a helper and a guide of whom Ovid did not know, and it is the currents of His life streaming down into the wastes and deserts of our nature that freshen withered virtues and implant the germs of others. He has been the inspiration in the grandest lives of the sons of men, and everything He has been

to them He may be to you. As bad as your worst habit may be, men have been rescued from it before, and will be again; and there is nothing between your cradle and your grave for which you ought to strive and pray so hard as to conquer every habit which drives you from a throne to wear the collar of a beast. In that struggle you need not be alone. Kaulbach has painted a great picture where the armies of good and bad are warring on the ground, and above them in the air, unseen by them, are the militant spiritual forces. The battle goes on eternally, whether men know it or not. Fight your fight with a strong reliance on the power of God, and He will not fail you. You will be more than conqueror at the last.

THE IDEAL MANHOOD.

To those who have an experimental knowledge of the young men of to-day, and the life into which they are cast, it seems impossible to group in six lectures the especial perils of their life.

If you look simply at this earthly life, with its rewards and punishments, with its pleasures and pains, with its wrecks and its successes, the pathway of us all is lined with dangers and pitfalls. I have not used the title of these lectures in a sensational way. I have not used it in any sense but one of deep and earnest conviction that there are fair young lives touching mine on every side that are in imminent peril. As the days of my ministry whirl away, they register many changes among those I know. Nothing but the waters of Lethe could obliterate from my memory the splendid promises and the brilliant hopes in the lives of many young men whom I knew five years ago which have gone down forever in stormy seas.

Some of those young men are buried now where the daisies blow over them, and where men forget their defects and sins. Some are living a wounded and writhing life. Through conscience and soul they have driven the spear of Remorse. They carry it as Epaminondas did the barb that pierced his vitals. It cannot be withdrawn. They may seem to be the same

men to the passer-by, but in their experiences they have added a century to their life, in their burdens they have piled mountains on their heads. I look back ten years to my college life, and find yet more to lament over in the history of those I loved then.

I look about me now, see the young men whose quiet lives are nearing the rapids, and in the conviction of my duty, in the reality of my affection, in the sworn obligation of my holy office, I have raised my voice to tell you of those perils which have killed many like you. To be young, ardent, trustful, generous is given to you now, as you stand on tiptoe, in the dawn of your active life, to catch the first beams of the rising possibilities of a fuller day. But it is in these very quarters that your perils lurk. Every fine, manly quality carries its own peril in it. The high-strung, impulsive, affectionate men are the very ones who need the check-rein and the voice of warning. Their mettle carries them into many a danger from which other men are free.

But they are the only kind of men worth saving for their active influence in the world. In the soil of their nature are germinating the seeds of great possibilities for good and for bad. They will be powerful in some direction. The trend of their life has not yet been taken. To save such a man from evil and consecrate him to good, to put before him considerations which shall make him, in every sense of the word, a power for good in life that God has given him among men, has been the object of these lectures. I have from the first addressed myself to you as young men of a fully equipped nature, with all the temptations and all the

motives of a sterling character. The fulness of manhood means the fulness of peril. The greatest temptations are felt by the greatest souls. Because Luther had a mightier soul than most men, he had to fight a present and visible devil in the Wartburg; because our Saviour was a perfect man, He stood up against the strongest and most perilous temptations to which humanity is subjected. There is a weak and nerveless character which exists without any dangers from sanguine sins, because it has not the propensities of manhood in it. There are young men of this kind who won't find very much to help them in anything I have said. Cold and unsympathetic, they make a tablespoonful of blood with great difficulty every day, and are economical in using it up. They are prudent to a proverb. The maxims of close-fisted thrift, of pachydermatous selfishness, of cynical contempt were born on their lips. With bodies that have not yet seen the changes of a quarter-century, they have hearts older and drier than the dust of Abraham. They have not the ordinary temptations of men because they have not the ordinary affections of men. Flabby souls! The simulacra of young men, shining not with the joyous and dancing light of an ardent nature, but keeping the steady and unearthly gleam of heatless phosphorus. You can't make a force out of such a life. It lacks energy, reality, motive. Such a man is like the cold light that plays in the wake of an ocean steamer. It is pretty to look at, it keeps you wondering for hours what it is and why it is, but if you draw up a bucketful of the foam on which it shines you find that you

couldn't strike a spark of living fire from all that quivers on seas and oceans. I have not thought it worth while to lecture that kind of men. Advice is no more necessary to save them from the perils of an exuberant and torrid age than tarpaulins are to save the icebergs of Nova Zembla from a thaw in January. I have not thought of such creatures at all, but have spoken directly, freely, and I hope manfully, to young men who are reservoirs of powers, affections, and hopes, while yet they are destitute of wisdom and experience.

SINCERITY.

Under all the ambitions and desires of your life I have sought to lay firm and broad the one great principle which underlies the character of a man, and that is sincerity. If you have not that, you are not entitled to be called a man. To be, and to be conscious of being through and through what men esteem you to be, honest to the core, to give out a true ring whenever and however you are struck, that is the very first element of true manliness. I would rather be a mullein-stalk, and be it through and through an honest stalk, as good a stalk inside as out, than to be a swelling and spreading oak which men admire until they strike the trunk and hear the hollow sound of an empty heart, for then I am worthless in everything.

And for my friends, I would rather have men of the most ordinary qualifications, if their affection be sincere and steady, rather than Shaftesburys and Bolingbrokes, whose fascinations are equalled only by their duplicity. When in a company of young men I listen to one and

another, I find myself constantly judging the character of each just in the ratio in which he impresses me with the quality of sincerity. One may be very brilliant and draw my attention by the charms of conversation, and another may be reticent and embarrassed, and yet there may be in him the deeper fascination of a real, true soul that draws me to him from the supple-tongued and careless man. I do not know anything more important to say to you than this. It girds your life. It applies to everything you do, or think, or say, or feel. If you have told a lie, say so, and get back all the manhood you can save to keep you from telling another. If you have done a mean thing, and are ashamed of it, don't keep that honest shame hidden, like an ivy-blossom, where no one can find it without hunting and prodding for it, but when the right time comes out with it, and bear the pain of your own fault. If you have run into debt, and are worried to death because your father don't know it and will be angry, make him respect you for your frankness, at least, and let him hear it from you before he does from some one else. You may give him the satisfaction of knowing that if he can't rely on you to take care of money, he can rely on you to tell the truth like a man. Most men would prefer a spendthrift rather than a sneak for their son. If you have gotten into an impure and filthy mode of speech or thought, don't mollify your sore conscience by spreading over it the falsehood that all men do the same, and that it does not make any difference, but bind a virtue to it by humbly and sincerely owning that you are ashamed of it, and mean

to try and free yourself from it. If you are in the habit of drinking a glass of wine or beer or smoking a cigar, don't do it in secret and wrap yourself up in the lie of cloves and cologne-water and make people believe you never do it. If you think it is unmanly, don't do it. If you think it is a manly thing and are not ashamed of it, then enjoy it like a man and with men, and don't drag it off into a corner as a dog takes his bone where no one can see him. And in your thoughts and convictions there is only one thing which makes them yours, and that is the sincerity with which you hold them. During the coming summer, while the political campaign is going on, you may go to half a dozen meetings of either party and you will hear the audience shout themselves hoarse over statements which they don't understand and which they don't believe, simply because it seems to make against the other side. They may be sincere Republicans or sincere Democrats, but they are not sincere men. They have let the party platform get into the place of the conscience, and to hear their language you would think that the lines of their party included all the virtues and shut out all the vices. It is so in every organization where the individual is lost in the clique. The fight about religious creeds cannot settle itself in any way but this: that a creed may be an excellent thing or it may be a destructive thing just in proportion to the sincerity with which it is held. When you stood up to-night and said the Apostles' Creed, if it expressed the honest convictions of your soul, if it brought vividly before your heart the sweet and sad story of the Incarnation of the Son

of God, the suffering and death and resurrection and ascension of an actual life, if it made your soul larger, while you truly declared your trust in the Holy Ghost, your sublime hope of the forgiveness of sins, your longing for immortality and your unfaltering faith in an everlasting life, then it is a splendid help and support in your religious life. If you said it by rote, no more sincerely than you would repeat the multiplication table as a creed, then to hold on to it year by year, and repeat it as you used to when you believed it sincerely, is a preposterous and dangerous thing. It is your creed only when your soul enters it eagerly and yet finds even newer and fresher things in it. The guides at Mammoth Cave told me that they had gone into the cave a thousand times, and yet each time they saw something they had not seen before, and that there are vast galleries on which their eyes shall never look.

Now, the Creed may be like that to you, or it may be a mere dry bundle of words. It may be growing larger with your life, expanding into vaster proportions, reaching down into subtler truths, opening new visions of sight, so that it becomes the very matrix of sincerity where your soul takes its best impressions, or it may be as insincere and foreign to your present life as your jacket of ten years ago would be. There is a great deal said about outgrowing a creed, about getting too large for it. But in many of the cases where this expression is used, the sincere statement would be that the creed no longer fits so well because the man has shrunk up in it. He is decidedly smaller and thinner than he was ten years ago. His soul has reached that

period of senility when, like the body, it loses elasticity, settles on itself, gets too small for its clothes, and dwindles into decrepitude. Such a man sees the creases in his coat and says, "I have worn this coat out; it doesn't fit like it used to; it isn't very good stuff, anyhow, and never was much of a coat;" and the real fact, to which he blinds himself, is that the coat is wearing a good deal better than he is, and is a very fair specimen of a coat, if he could only put as much man inside of it as it was made for and once held.

Just in the same way some men talk about their creed. They think they have outgrown it, and that it is only a worn-out and cast-off habit of the soul, when, if they look honestly into their life, they will find their souls have gradually contracted and dwarfed; that they no longer have the broad, sweet conceptions of God and duty which were their fuller and younger nature; that it is the same system of truth which once pulsated to its very extremities with the warm currents of their nascent faith, and the change has come because the heart has grown colder and feebler and can no longer fill so large a body with warm and throbbing life.

And this discussion of creeds and convictions leads me from sincerity, the first element of ideal manhood, to the second, which is

TRUTH.

2. I do not mean truth in the sense of truthfulness, which is indistinguishable from sincerity, but I mean right thought, a correct standard of belief and action. There is growing up among men a very specious and dangerous opinion that it doesn't make any difference

what a man thinks if he is sincere and honest in that belief. But it is very clear that the utmost sincerity is consistent with the most dangerous errors. We meet men every day who are as honest and fair as we are, and yet it is almost demonstrable that they are in error.

The Spanish under Alva were as sincere in their belief that God was with them when Valenciennes was sacked, when Egmont was shot, when hundreds were daily carried before the Blood Council, as the Netherlanders were in believing He was with them. Every line that has ever separated great bodies of men has run through the very heart of sincerity and left equal parts with each side. The Jews and Jesus, Luther and Eck, Richelieu and the Huguenots, Fairfax and Rupert, Washington and Howe all stood to do battle for what they believed to be right and true. Yet there was a right and there was a wrong in every case, and the record of each of them is precious or infamous as his sincerity was joined with truth and right. Amidst all uncertainties, with only one absolute certainty, and that one that man never can arrive at all truth, yet the ideal manhood is one that keeps its lips ever parted with Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Our whole life gives the lie to the statement that it is immaterial what we believe or think.

There is an unquenchable thirst for truth. Whether Lessing and Malebranche were right in saying they would choose search after truth rather than the actual truth itself we need not discuss, for in either case what is affirmed is that no man is content to rest in error. Every man is in quest of a Holy Grail, and that is

absolute truth. We all feel that the knowledge of what is right must go before the doing of what is right. And so when I come to you, young men, and ask you to consider what a manhood you ought to strive for, you will see at once that that manhood rests on the principles of infallible truth. There is an absolute duty imposed on you to exercise your reason and critically distinguish between the false and the true. To have a hap-hazard conception of duty or morals or religion, and to let the whole matter drop with some platitude about Christ not condemning a man if he is honest and sincere, is simply to ignore the reason which God has given you to detect right and wrong. The ability to reason raises the responsibility for error, and you must bring all your mind, and your heart, and your soul, and your strength to the testing of the great system of belief and duty. The common law which expresses man's natural sense of justice will listen to a criminal's plea of ignorance as to the facts from which his crime issued, but it refuses to hear him plead ignorance as to the principles of right and wrong. It will not punish him for a murder done unintentionally and without malice, but it will not let its sword-point fall before the man-killer who did not know that murder is a crime.

Of this principle may be said what Richard Hooker has said of law generally, that "Of it no less can be said than that its seat is the bosom of God, its voice the harmony of the world." To use every power of your mind, to exert yourself to your utmost to find out what is right, to say, with Luther at Worms, when you

cannot believe what all around you are urging you to believe, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise, God help me, amen!" is the demand made upon you. And although I am not prepared to answer what shall be the issue of that man's life who, after earnest and unceasing effort to know the right, yet remains in error, I am fully prepared to say that the vast majority of men do not make earnest and unceasing effort, and that error is the result of indifference, and not judgment. And the same thing may be said of many persons who have arrived at the truth. They are not entitled to any credit for it. They have stumbled upon it in the dark, and clasped it without seeing it in its beauty. It is not theirs in any true sense of the word. They hold it just as the Philistines seized the sacred ark with vast joy and found that they could not penetrate into its mysteries, could not use it in any way, and that it brought care and responsibility with it.

Practically, then, the question for you to think over is this: Have you done your very best to satisfy your mind as to the great questions over which the human mind has forever brooded, as God's holy spirit brooded over chaotic wastes and brought light and life and beauty into being? Have you any intelligent conception in your mind of the origin and destiny of man, of God in His relationship to matter and to law, of the strange life and death of the Nazarene, who must be so much or so little in your own personal life, and who is so very much in all the forces of society about you? Are you thinking on these questions at all, these questions over which mankind was pondering before Europe

hurled itself against the lance of Saladin, before the wild shouts of the barbarians drowned the voices of philosophers in the academic groves of Athens, which are the dominant questions in human progress now, and will survive with crescent interest when every other is settled,

> "When the battle-flags are furled
> In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World"?

Are you reaching forward, as God gives you strength, towards this element of ideal manhood,—truth,—so that you can say, with one of the most devout and earnest thinkers of our race, "I *know* in whom I have put my trust"? There was the power in the weak body of Paul which lifted him up above all the men of his time, the power of living truth, which draws all the modern world to study him rather than any other of Rome's one hundred millions of people, rather than their master and emperor whom he could not approach in the splendid luxury of Capreæ. Let your mind feed on the great thoughts by which he lives, by the lack of which Tiberius is dead. Do not be driftwood on the currents of human thought. Be a thinker. Remember that a sneer is not an argument, and that you cannot laugh truth's chivalry away. Never mind if all the world seems to be turning away and reviling that which you think is right. All the world may be wrong, and you may be Athanasius, or Copernicus, or Galileo, or Harvey, or Garrison. Be nothing for controversy's sake, but everything for truth's sake. But have a mind that is not asleep, that is at work in the light and grow-

ing into a riper age. They tell us that wheat is found in the Pyramids which has lain in the darkness there without sprouting for thousands of years, and that it begins to throb with life at the first kiss of the sunlight. Look into your mind and see if thoughts and conceptions are not hidden there, just as they were left by your father or mother in a day long gone, which you are clasping tight, keeping them close to your very heart, which have no peace there, which cannot grow there, which can never be worth anything to you or the world until you turn your reason in upon them, start them into an active life, and make them your own by seeing that they are full of slumbering vitality. In the first lectures of this course I tried to put this subject of the necessity of thought into such a shape as to stimulate thought, for it is by thinking only that we can ever have a rational mind. The old sacramentaries have not any truer expression of the longings of humanity than St. Chrysostom's prayer: "Grant us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting."

MORALITY.

3. Side by side with sincerity and truth there is the equally binding obligation to live a pure and moral life, and be true and honest and manly in our relations toward our fellow-men. This is the flower and fruit of a living truth. Just in proportion as you have worked up into your life, and all that you can get of high and divine truth, will you find it easy to be true toward man and toward yourself.

Take, for instance, the single truth that "Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost." Now, let a man so thoroughly master that thought as to make it an intense reality in his life; let it be so true and actual to him as to keep ever before him the picture of one going, as it were, from the joys and comforts of a happy and contented home down into the fever districts, into the stricken tenements, into the miseries and contagion and filth and blasphemy which are the wash of the river; of His giving up His life, not to disease, but to the malice of the sick whom He went to help; of the splendid love which could not forget their sufferings, even amid His own, and do you suppose that a man who holds that truth close to his soul's heart can be mean and selfish and greedy and hard in his dealings with men? That great truth becomes in him an expanding power which forces his nature into larger and larger views. The love of Christ constrains, compels in him the strongest efforts to do something for those for whom Christ died. If Christ so loved him, he must love his fellow-men. That truth becomes the spring and fountain of all his humanities. It will not let him be sour and morose any more than the sun will leave a section of black darkness on the summer lawn. It will not let him lie or steal or commit adultery or slander, for just as he approaches these he finds his holy picture melting into indistinctness and rushes back to it again. Like Siloam, all his reading and amusements and habits become purified and healing so soon as this angelic truth touches them. He begins to see the possibility of that ideal life which St. John

described when he said that those who are born of God cannot sin. Now, take another man in whom such truths as this one finds no home, and see how much his powers for moral duty are dwarfed. If there be no God, if there be no Christ, if there be no future, if there be no rewards and punishments, all the philosophy in the world cannot persuade men in the mass to a life of unselfishness and charity and strict morality.

In the fierce desire to extract everything possible from a rapidly-closing life, the strong must drive the weak to the wall. The morality of Hobbes and Shaftesbury, which permits every vice but punishes detection, becomes dominant. There is no incentive to good, none to resist evil. Eat and drink, we die to-morrow; *Dum vivimus, vivimus,*—while we live, let us live. These are pagan mottoes, but they truly stand for the morality which is not born of eternal truths. You cannot divorce your duty towards God from your duty towards man, and as you discharge both those duties best, you grow towards the manhood of which the world stands in need. After the last three lectures of this course I do not think it necessary to say that you are in no sense of the word a Christian or a religious man unless you are in every sense of the word a moral man. Many persons may deceive themselves, but that is a truth which is unshakable. In the last day many shall say "Lord! Lord!" many shall urge their profession of the Saviour's faith, but against every form of vice, hidden behind a baptismal sign and formula, the answer is clear: "Depart from Me, all ye that work iniquity. I never knew you." I will not go again over what I

have said in former lectures as to the life you ought to lead and the evils which you ought to shun, but when you hear men sneer at the morality of the Christian religion, be sure you distinguish between the religion and its professors. No man can condemn any form of vice more severely than the Gospel does, and none can offer such helps to fight it as the same Gospel does. "They who are born of the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And that spirit is the spirit of joy and peace, and long suffering and charity, and brotherly kindness and purity. By these graces the Gospel emancipated the slaves of ancient Rome; by these she dotted the world with hospitals and asylums; by these she made mankind recognize the divine right of weakness and suffering; by these she is even now projecting the life and hope of civilization into the darkest corners of the earth. Last year she fed and cared for perishing thousands beneath the Himalayas, giving them, with human love, the bread of two worlds. Today, behind that ancient wall which once shut China from the Word, she is laboring with sorrow and tears to imitate the Saviour's miracle of love in feeding the multitudes who are lying down to die. In the Dark Continent she is sending her missionary by the side of the first explorer, striving, as she does everywhere, to make the world happier,—to

> "Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Young men, the religion that is doing this, that is encircling the world with a blossoming wreath of love and kindness, which esteems every soul of man alike,

whether it be under a dark skin or a white one, which is consecrated to one great purpose, the enlightenment and salvation of all the world, ought not to be put upon the defensive as to her humanity, and brought to the bar to plead before men who do not help her in her work. Against all such efforts to stab her in her royal progress the very murderers themselves should feel the remorse as they do the deed of the Scottish earl, and acknowledge that she

> "Hath borne her faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in her great office, that her virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of her taking off.
> And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
> Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown in the wind."

FAITH.

4. There is one other element of the ideal manhood to which I must refer, and that is Faith. By that I mean an abiding trust in all that is unseen and yet real, a strong grasp of the hidden hands that stretch out towards us from the celestial country. I mean by faith the mighty power which keeps us true to ideal virtues and fresh in our confidence that whatever may seem to be the course of things about us, yet there is a directing and loving Father who is managing it all. I remember that in Luther's "Table-Talk" he in one place speaks of a bird sitting on the branch of a tree, in the midst of a thunder-storm, and carolling in its

sense of security, and the effect it had on him in making him stronger in his trust in God. That tells just what I want to.

Manhood protests against the reproduction of the worst forms of pagan materialism, resolving everything into so much lime and dust, and refusing to think of anything that cannot be weighed and analyzed. It revolts from any theory that denies the radical differences of mind and matter. It will not have the great world where the soul lives sunk and lost under the seas of scepticism.

Though Lisbon perished in an earthquake, we cannot let Voltaire bury our God in its ruins; though Cæsar's wife shall fall, we cannot abandon our ideal of woman's virtue; though Pitt shall be silenced by a pension, yet patriotism shall linger in the souls of men; though Abelard shall be a villain, yet ideal love shall be forever an inspiration in the world; though no eye could see beyond the portals of the grave, yet the immortality of the soul should forever brighten the dull lives of men. Faith in all these things irradiates and beautifies our nature. It preserves and freshens the dew which lay like enamel on our souls in the early morning of our life. It preserves us from the sad thoughts which Colonel Realf has so beautifully expressed, and with which I am content to close these lectures:

"MY SLAIN.

"This sweet child which has climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty, troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.

Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I who with whetted knives of worldliness
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

"There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple-bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! Alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O moaning life, with life irreconciled;
O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

"Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once."

INGERSOLLISM: ITS PURPOSE AND SPIRIT.

LAST week this city was adorned by a Congress of the Liberal League. To almost everybody it is well known that this League is composed of a large number of that kind of people who are dissatisfied with everything and everybody as found in nature. Born with the word "reform" already gurgling in their throats, they spend their lives in underrating every good thing and exaggerating every evil thing. Most of them are apparently of a dreamy and visionary nature, and if society should be subjected to only a fraction of their recommended nostrums, she would be rocked to her foundations. The name "Liberal," it must be acknowledged, seems a just one. From the principal reports of their discussions it appears as if there were no limit to the range of its reforming spirit. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and especially the things underneath the earth, are resolved to be in a most unfortunate and unsatisfactory condition, and the whole realm of nature seems a tribute far too small to appease the insatiable appetite for reform on the part of the Liberal League. The liberality which divests one's self of all he has to assist others is as commendable as it is rare. But when this Convention becomes so liberal that it offers through its Socialist wing to give away everybody else's property in this world, and

through its Ingersoll wing to throw in with it everybody else's expectancy in the world to come, and doesn't offer us any greater receipt than a complimentary notice that we are sharks and dupes, it becomes somewhat questionable whether it is not greater liberty than most illiberal people care to have taken with them. Reform is good, but such a thorough reforming of it altogether as is suggested by this body seems at first a little violent. For it is merely hypothetical that we shall be better and richer and wiser when God has been reformed away, and we are at that sublime altitude which Elizur Wright pictured, where the spiritual in man worships the physical, and where the sexes adore each other forever, or where tramps are protected and supported by the State, where the rights of property are shifting, and redistribution of earned wealth puts a premium on shiftlessness and laziness and dissoluteness. It looks somewhat as though the League, in its multitude of councils as to a definite point of attack, had selected too many points,—in fact, had left no point observable to the eye unassailed. With every member looking in a different direction, and each clamoring that he sees the greatest blunder or the worst tyranny, they may be good sentinels, but they can't be fiercely aggressive, or carry the heavy battalions which Bonaparte thought registered the divine will. But as they have at least one brilliant man leading them, and are making some noise in their day, I ask you to consider what they propose and what principles they profess. So long as Mr. Ingersoll occupied a merely negative position, criticising, pulling down old institutions,

he had a position which no man on the earth was so competent to fill as himself. A brilliant mind, a fascinating speaker, with rare magnetism of oratory, a poet by nature, with humor sparkling and fresh, clear, incisive diction, earnest and fervid, and of course honest and sincere, he moved about the entire range of positive Christian doctrine and life, and winged his arrows towards every joint and flaw. One sarcastic and pointed anecdote, unanswerable because an anecdote, pierced the inspiration of the Scriptures. One scathing, eloquent denunciation of Calvin or the Inquisition was enough with ignorant and unreflecting minds to pierce the warm and loving heart of Christianity, whose every throb forces life-blood into a thousand hospitals and marks the health of the noblest charities which bless the earth. Like the Bedouin of the desert, his rapid attack fell on stragglers and weak spots in the long caravan, and no sooner was preparation made to meet him than he was off to some other point, and the sallies were brilliant and successful, because there was no telling where to find him or how long he would consent to stand on one proposition. You can't train a siege-gun on a buzzing wasp, and you can't produce all the evidences of Christianity in an instant. With his great power it was easy to stand before an audience, and without one intelligent conviction himself, without a single affirmative statement, melt them into sympathy by frequent and splendid references to dimpled babies and loving fatherhood, and human love and freedom, and priestcraft and modern science. But all these qualities, which make him so powerful as a disorganizer, unfit

him for constructing and defending a better system than Christianity.

> "The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that reared it."

To destroy requires certain powers; to create, very different ones. And everything that Mr. Ingersoll has said against Christianity may be returned honestly and crushingly against any system of religion or no religion, morals or no morals, which he sets forth. In this Convention, as usual, he said more of what he did not believe than of what he did, but the platform and resolutions do affirm some things, as we shall see.

PURPOSE OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE.

What is the purpose, the *raison d'être*, of the National Liberal League? It is expressed in its preliminary declaration and platform:

"*Resolved*, That the general purpose and motive of the National Liberal party is to realize more fully than ever yet has been done the main object of a government by the people, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the preamble to the Constitution of the United States, to wit, that it shall be made true, as far as possible, in our country that all persons shall hereafter be born free and equal, and be endowed with certain rights, among which shall be liberty and the right to the pursuit of happiness."

In passing, I may say it seems very strange that people who most swear by the Declaration of Independence never read it, or else immediately forget it, and

make it say, as this resolution does, things notoriously untrue. The pen of Jefferson never wrote that men are born free and equal. That is the emanation of modern party-makers. After the general definition of a purpose, there are nine specified forms of evil which the League feels called on to crush, ending with the great evil of a religious conception among the people, and a reaffirmation of the principles of the Liberal League, which are exclusively devoted to the hardships and tyranny imposed in this free country upon infidels and atheists. As to the first part of the platform, dictated entirely by the Socialists, I do not care to speak, further than to say that if the Liberals are not clearer in ideas as to the future world than they are as to this one, they won't receive much encouragement from thinking people.

The schemes as to landed property, as to corporations, as to tramps, as to banking and currency, are so wild and destructive that I am sure Mr. Ingersoll and his wing of the League must have shivered while they voted for them. When I think of some of the sensible political speeches which Mr. Ingersoll has made, and remember that he had a clear head on these matters, I am compelled to think he voted for these resolutions while despising them, and that he is not much better than many men whom he has denounced for subscribing to articles in church creeds rather than disturb harmony and invite disruption. In his liberal way he is on the road to those attacks of throat trouble which come from suppressing small fragments of truth and saying those things which he does not entirely believe.

He calls it "parsonitis." He must soon find that men bound together in a great cause like that of the Christian faith may legitimately profess the same body of principles, and may fight manfully under that creed, while individuals may differ as to the importance, or even truth, of some minor principles in it. Men can organize for a purpose only by agreeing to allow diverse opinions on details, and the charge of hypocrisy made by Ingersoll against Christians who do not see every point of faith exactly alike is unjust, as I should be unjust in calling him a hypocrite for subscribing to a Socialist platform which he does not believe.

But is the purpose of the Liberal League a sufficient one to give it life and success so far as it seeks mental enfranchisement? Is it true that any man is bound in fetters now for his opinion's sake? Is liberty of thought denied to any person under the American flag? Is liberty of utterance yet unknown, that societies must organize and fight for it and secure it?

One would think so, to hear these men talk. Mr. Ingersoll says, "Standing in the presence of the Unknown, all have the same right to think, and all are equally interested in the great question of origin and destiny. All I claim, all I plead for, is liberty of thought and expression; that is all. Take those chains from the human heart. Break those fetters. The good men and good women are tired of the whip and lash in the realm of thought." Well, if that is all he pleads for, it seems very much as if there were not much more for him to do, nor for the Liberal League. Mr. Ingersoll has been freely expressing his thoughts

for years in public halls, in theatres, in pamphlets, interviews, lectures, books, conversation, and correspondence. Has he ever known any tyrannical opposition? Has the iron of the martyr's chain ever clanked against his heart? Where are the fetters against which he so eloquently pleads? The sound of whip and lash has died away upon the shores of the past, and not even its dying echoes reach his ear. Is he not the Don Quixote of the nineteenth century, fighting valiantly against a spirit that everybody else knows to be dead long years ago? What is there on all the circumference of his life that touches his mental freedom as a restraint? The book-stores are crowded with his publications. The press takes up every word that falls from him, and yet he pleads for liberty of thought and expression and melts audiences to tears by pathetic appeals for the removal of the whip and the chain, and rings all the changes on that marvellous word of liberty. When the time comes that a single feather presses down the lips of any man, and freedom of thought and speech is touched even on the hem of its sacred garment, Mr. Ingersoll shall not stand alone in denouncing the great wrong. The liberty I claim I grant; but I am not so narrow-minded as to think that my liberty is interfered with when men refuse to see things as I do, or when they criticise and denounce me. Do I not say that which you all know to be true in letter and spirit when I say that the air and the elements of God are not more free in their progress in the world than the thoughts of any man who has thoughts? No matter what you think about religious matters, you may freely express those

thoughts in any place, at any time, if you can get men to listen. You may publish them if you want to. You may send them through the public mail. You may do anything, everything, that may be done with the Word of God itself. "Break those fetters. The good men and good women are tired of the whip and lash." That is an unworthy plea. It is a dead issue, and the party that builds itself on it will be the dead to bury the dead. The good women and the good men cannot be roused by that slogan now. The drift is the other way. There is no doubt that if the Liberal League had been in existence at the time, it would have appealed to popular sympathy by crying "Fire!" in the flood of Noah's days. It is not more preposterous now to clamor for free speech and free thought in an age of license and a flood of opinions. If there were any more restraints upon the utterance of the Liberal Convention than there would be upon that of a Methodist Conference or a Presbyterian Synod, it did not appear to the naked eye.

But they claim that there is a restriction on the freedom of thought, and at Mr. Ingersoll's motion they passed resolutions of sympathy with a man named D. M. Bennett, who is in the penitentiary, after two convictions before the United States courts, for publishing and circulating obscene and immoral books. He is their martyr, their suffering champion, their confessor for liberty of speech. It seems a commentary on the different purposes of Christianity and Liberalism, that the church habitually stands in defence of the decent and pure against immorality, while this Conven-

tion of Liberals feels called on to canonize a man who has been twice convicted by the national courts of gross and criminal attempts to deflower the young minds of his country. To say that there was any question of religion, any bigotry of dogmatic theology in this prosecution, is to contradict every fact and oath in the case. The reason that Christian sentiment has been elicited in favor of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in this case is simply because it was an effort to suppress vice in its worst and most pernicious form. What are the facts? In the year 1866 a few gentlemen in the city of New York, appalled by the facts brought to their knowledge as to the amount of licentious books and articles daily sent through the United States mails, formed an association among themselves to check it. By properly representing the enormity of the evil they secured action by the State Legislature in 1868, and stringent laws were passed prohibiting the sale or advertisement of immoral, obscene, and indecent writings or articles. Then the association was incorporated and given police authority by the New York Legislature in May, 1873. About the same time Congress passed a law forbidding, under penalty of imprisonment and fine, the circulation through the United States mails of all indecent matter, printed or other, in all the States and Territories. Under the laws, and especially under the national law, the Society for the Suppression of Vice has been working for six years. What they have done, what a Pompeii of rottenness and nastiness they have uncovered and exposed, what sewers of filthy thought they have shown running beneath our social

life and emitting poisonous gases into our homes, can be known only to those who read the reports.

They have arrested one hundred and ten persons in the United States courts, and have convicted altogether one hundred and five, twelve others having absconded. They have seized and destroyed sixteen thousand seven hundred pounds of books, fourteen thousand pounds of stereotype plates, two hundred and thirteen thousand circulars, catalogues, poems, etc. They have secured the names of six thousand dealers in this kind of poison. They have followed the devious windings of this hideous, unnatural, devilish business, and discovered that it is to the young and pure-minded these devil's tools are secretly sent and sold. In the hands of these dealers this society has found the addresses of hundreds of thousands of girls and boys, taken from school and seminary catalogues, and to these children they have been yearly sending these soul-killing publications under the sacred seal of the United States mails. Following up these addresses, the agent of the society has made inquiries as to the results of these secret and noxious influences.

To hear him tell the story of young, innocent girls who have been discovered with these things in their possession, and who have gone down from the coronal summits of a maiden's pure-heartedness to the low depths where no pure thing lives, in the endless gloom and unlifting miasm of a harlot's life, is enough to fire the heart against men who can coin heart-blood into money, and put a girl's honor and innocence under the minting die. To know there are six thousand men in

the United States whose sole business is to undermine the morals of the land is enough to call all decent people to the assistance of any agency that undertakes to suppress the evil. These books and articles are not scientific works; they are not written and made for any defensible purpose except to make money. They have nothing to do with any religious questions, and are simply the exhalations of the lowest intelligence of the lowest creatures who bear the generic name of man. In the progress of their legitimate work, this society arrested D. M. Bennett, of New York, and he was indicted and tried before the United States courts, under the national laws, for circulating indecent publications through the mails. He was convicted by the clearest evidence, and imprisoned. By a mistaken clemency, as I think, this man was pardoned by President Hayes, immediately began to publish the same book, was again arrested, again convicted, again imprisoned, again applied for pardon. Executive clemency was refused, and he is to-day serving out his term for violating the laws of his country. There is no more question about the man's religion or irreligion in the case than there is as to his vaccination. It was not thought of. A United States court could not, under the constitution, listen for a moment to any such considerations. The law of Congress under which he was twice convicted is explicit, and was enough, and had no more of a squint toward religious bigotry than it had toward the remonetization of silver. Does any one imagine for a moment that a Congress of the United States, which, as we all know, is not generally chosen with reference to the

candidates' qualifications for a competitive examination in the Scriptures, gave power into the hands of any body of men to act as inquisitors upon the general religious beliefs of the community? Every one knows that there wouldn't be a quorum left in either House so soon as the law got well into operation. Does any one believe that the United States courts are sending men to the penitentiary because they don't believe the five points of Calvinism, and without any law of the United States Legislature to warrant them in doing so? And yet, amid a storm of applause, Colonel Ingersoll offered the following resolution in this late convention, in behalf of a man who was eulogized on the floor as "our champion of free thought," a man "more intelligent and more moral than Jesus Christ:"

"*Resolved*, That we express the deepest sympathy with D. M. Bennett and his family for the reason that he has been convicted by religious bigotry and ignorant zeal, and has been imprisoned and is now languishing in the cell of a felon, when in truth and fact he committed no offence whatever against any law of the land."

If that can be made good, it would seem as if the thing for Mr. Ingersoll to do is not to pass resolutions, but to apply for a *habeas corpus* and restore the poor sufferer to his family and occupation.

If Bennett has not committed any offence whatever against any law of the land, and is yet a convict, this League has a mission, and it can best fulfil it by entering articles of impeachment against the stern and tyrannical Calvinist who presided over the court that illegally sentenced him. Here is a tangible issue.

Here is a splendid opportunity for Mr. Ingersoll to do something real for the cause of the liberty and freedom of religious conviction, to which he has consecrated his life. He is a lawyer and knows the mode of procedure. He makes a distinct assertion in this resolution, and on that point, to use his own language, "I beg one fact, one little fact." No more swelling periods or abstract hardships. "I pass the hat around for one single fact" as to the religious bigotry which twice convicted D. M. Bennett, when in fact and truth he had violated no law of the land.

It is vain for him to answer that the publications of Bennett were not indecent or that they were scientific works. On that point the court is the legal tribunal to determine; and if I could read extracts from the book here, I think I could poll this audience with perfect safety as to their agreement that it is utterly and entirely unfit to be read, because the motive, the animus, of the book is to eat away the enamel from unsuspecting innocence.

However, I must say no more on this subject of the purpose of this new party. If it has no other mission than to take the shackles from the soul of man, it is born some centuries too late. It has no place nor enemy here. Those with whom it would wrestle are vanished from the earth. The colonel fiercely attacks what he thinks to be the shining helmet of the Mambrino of intolerance, but he will find it only a barber's basin; the castle, garrisoned, as he thinks, with ecclesiastical hates and tyrannies, will break his polished lance-head off by the swinging of its wind-urged arms, and

the ideal queen of his soul, "Mental Liberty," will be found everywhere that he turns in the streets of this great Toboso. But if he binds himself indeed to the spirit of which Bennett is the champion, then I pray God he may be many centuries too early. The good men and the good women are not tired of the chains which drag back the bloody jaws and dripping fangs of licentiousness and lust. On these chains the spirit of the human race is ever forging new rivets, and, as its ponderous hammer falls, it will not pause to pity those who, seeking to undo its work, are crushed beneath its energy, even if some men shall crown them martyrs to a holy cause. Colonel Ingersoll has said many noble things about the grandeur of virtue. What are they all worth if he sympathizes so deeply with the men who live by hunting virtue down? His pictures of a happy home are painted with a master's hand from the colors of the evening sky. What a home he will leave us if he successfully defends the men who fill our houses with the subtle gases that eat our children's hearts and brains! The beauty, the divinity, of simple innocence is the theme on which he loves to speak, and on which he has sung his sweetest songs. There his pathetic eloquence rises like the lark and carries us with it to clearer and undusty heights. Why is this worshipper of full-lipped innocence found as a celebrant in the temple where innocence is sacrificed on the altars of avarice and lust?

Is it not that the central spring in this strange man's life is a hatred to the cross of Jesus Christ, and where he sees the glittering of that cross his antagonism is

aroused and he joins the attack without a thought as to the standard under which he is compelled to fight? Hating lust and licentiousness with a mortal hatred, but hating Christianity with an intensity greater yet, he chooses the lesser evil for his support and hews persistently at the fair palace of the Gospel, even while knowing that on its site would rise the pest-house of a universal brothel. He would destroy the Gospel, even if the result which Pope sung, in apprehension of the triumph of Ignorance, be sure to follow the triumph of Liberalism:

"She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old,
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain,
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Close, one by one, to everlasting rest.
Thus at her felt approach and secret might,
Art after art goes out and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her own cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head.
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, Morality expires.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating sword.
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERALISM.

Having finished the discussion of the purpose of this body, I ask you now to think of the spirit which actuates it. Is it a spirit which commends and ennobles it?

Again I take their first man, Colonel Ingersoll, and try to find what his own spirit is, and I find, just as I have been saying, that intolerance and hate dominate every and all other emotion. That would be a very severe thing to say were it not that he has made his reputation by denouncing the Christian Church and ministry for this very thing, and has arrogated to himself a complete immunity from it.

When I say intolerance and hate dominate all other emotions, you perceive I mean there are other emotions and feelings. But over all the clustering virtues, the beautiful flowers, of a warm, sympathetic heart, the violets and the roses with which his life abounds, there rises the great, dense, umbrageous passion, *hate*, morbid, unreasoning, unrelenting, intolerant hate, against the God and the religion and the believers of the Holy Bible.

The undying spirit which put the rack to work in Torquemada's day, and severed the channels through which Marie Antoinette's cheeks gathered their dying blush, is the one which, had it its old-time potency, would be invoked to-day by Colonel Ingersoll to stamp out forever the principles of the Christian creed. Religion is not the mother of intolerance, though it may exist in her children. If the history of Christianity shows the dark sides of humanity, it is because it is the religion of humanity, and its followers and supporters were mortal men. If it is marked by wars and bloodshed, it is because it alone of earthly passions appealed to every heart, and for the dearest thing they had men rushed fiercely into battle, and did not understand the

spirit of the religion which they loved. To call the Gospel intolerant because in the days of Barbarossa and Philip II. it could not tame fierce barons and fiery Alvas into St. Johns and Raphaels, is to forget the constant weakness and passions of our lawless nature. It was as *men* they were hard and intolerant and hateful.

Religion was the weapon which they seized and abused. We do not hold up the spirit of commerce to anathema for her Punic wars, because it was passionate men, not merchants, who fought. The great throbbing spirit of free republican government is not to bear the stigma of brutishness and intolerance and savagery because its erratic disciples have more than once made the world shudder at their excesses and lawlessness. Liberty shall not bear the sins of all the righteous blood shed in her name by men never baptized in her spirit. The simple truth is that the world has never known a moral principle potent enough to control men's passions and eradicate the brute in our nature; but while, like all others, the Gospel has failed in accomplishing this entirely, it has done more than all other agencies combined, and even in the darkest periods of human history, when men were least like men, it was the Church that interposed between the weak and the strong and compelled great monarchs to justice and fidelity. It was the Church that struck the shackles from sixty millions of human beings and made them citizens of Rome. It was the Church that broke forever the spirit of caste and made emperor and slave to stand in equality before God. It was the Church that reached

down into the slums where men had lived and died like cattle, and reimplanted in their sodden natures the spark of primal ambition, by showing them that even a swineherd might rise by merit to the dizzy altitude of a throne, and that a new age was dawning where ancestral blood and accident of birth and wealth should not exclude pure hearts and simple faith and rugged intellects from their crown and sceptre. It was the Church that ennobled and enfranchised woman and assigned her rights which she compelled men to respect. Lecky and Mill and Gibbon are not the friends of the Church; they do not see her in the beauty in which she seems to me to walk. But they are just, and even their praises glow and their applause is honest when they touch these points. And yet Colonel Ingersoll cannot say one word for her. If the spirit of hate can be lashed into angrier waves, if it can be vexed into stormier and more treacherous billows, than in this one sentence from his lectures, I have never known it so: "For more than fifty generations the Church has carried the black flag. Her vengeance has been measured only by her power. With the heart of a fiend she has hated, with the clutch of avarice she has grasped, with the jaws of a dragon she has devoured. Pitiless as famine, merciless as fire, with the conscience of a serpent,—such is the history of the Church of God." So says the apostle of liberal tolerance, so says the man who sneers at the narrow bigotry of the clergy, who cannot see any good in those who differ from them.

Again he says in that broad, charitable spirit which he hopes will drive out the harsh, ecclesiastical hate:

"The chief business of the clergy has always been to destroy the joy of life." "They have polluted the heart and paralyzed the brain." Is this the world's judgment of Fénelon, of Herbert, of Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, and South, and Leighton? Is it the world's judgment now of the great body of ministers laboring throughout the world? Is it Colonel Ingersoll's honest judgment of the man whom his child's lips called father? For he was born from one of these polluters of the heart and paralyzers of the brain. If this be not seeing an opponent's virtues with the eye of the mole and his faults with that of the lynx, then intolerance has not yet been wrapped in the swaddling-clothes of this life. Time and again, habitually, this avatar of freer and nobler charity gathers all the four hundred millions of Christians, to say nothing of other religionists, whom he also despises, under one term and designation,—hypocrites. No exception, no qualification; they are all alike. And then, in a burst of complaining martyrdom, hear him say, "The clergy can conceive of no goodness, of no spiritual exaltation, beyond the horizon of their creed. To re-enact the tragedies of the sixteenth century they lack only the power. Bigotry in all ages has been the same." I am a clergyman, and therefore, by Colonel Ingersoll's verdict, disqualified from seeing anything good or noble in those who differ from my creed, but I may say to you in confidence that if the time shall ever come when my heart shall be so arid, and my charity so small, that I shall use those scathing words of any man, much more of any great profession of men, which he habitually uses of the clergymen, I beg you to find

me a niche in some old museum where I may be forever, with rack and collar and thumb-screw, among the relics of man's inhumanity to man. And with all my deep aversion from that cause and those principles, or lack of them, which this Liberal Convention espouses, believing, as I sincerely do, that their success would relegate the race to the horrors of barbarism, yet it is not in my heart to say that I believe all these men to be scoundrels and hypocrites because they differ from me. The spirit of bigotry is the same in all ages, or Colonel Ingersoll never could have so falsified and burlesqued the sweet spirit of the forgiving Gospel as to say of it as he does:

"Redden your hands with human blood, blast by slander the fair fame of the innocent, strangle the smiling child upon its mother's knee, deceive, ruin, and desert the beautiful girl who loves and trusts you, and your case is not hopeless. But deny the existence of these divine ghosts, of these gods, and the sweet and tearful face of mercy becomes livid with eternal hate."

The man who penned that sentence knows what it means to be livid with eternal hate. No; the spirit of this liberalism, like its purpose, does not commend it to the healthy morning air of the nineteenth century. It cannot linger while the pale glimpses of the moon are merging their silver with the richer colors of the purpling east.

The progress of the Church to-day is one made by appeals to the reason and the will of men. Those who come to her are drawn simply by the cords of love.

She asks no favors, she asks simply justice. When men say she does no good, she forgets, but they should not, that from her outstretched hand the noblest charities of the earth have been scattered. Where the angry life battle has raged most fiercely, there her busy fingers have built hospitals and provided ambulances; where poverty has raised his hands to slay, there she has put her almshouses and bethels; where the lame, and blind, and dumb, and broken-minded—the storm-blown blossoms from the tree of life—have fallen to the earth to die, her tender heart has found them asylums and joys. She is working with a nobility of purpose and an elevation of spirit that demand encouragement. She has no weapons but the sword of the Spirit; she has no intolerance except for harsh and cynical injustice. There is no compulsion by which she can enlist any man, there is no power by which she can exclude any, and from end to end of her earth-girdling encampments, by all her bivouac fires, which illuminate the skies of every zone, you will not find so much of the spirit of intolerant hate as burns luridly in the utterances of the Liberal League and literature.

GIRLHOOD.

In beginning this course of lectures to women I do not know any better subject than the girlhood where womanhood itself begins. To those who are in the most dependent and yet freest condition in which woman ever finds herself—the girlhood which has all the joys and none of the cares of life—I am to speak to-night. There is a natural hesitation in attempting to address and make suggestions to those whose experiences and life are so different from my own. But as one need not be a sculptor to criticise Greenough or Ward, or a cook to criticise the dish that is served him from the kitchen, so one need not be a woman to speak to women. While he can never know experimentally the feelings and passions of female nature, can never know how many and what kind of hindrances and perplexities she encounters in her efforts to form a true character, yet he may see more clearly than a woman herself what her true character ought to be and how she may best strive for it. A man pulling to the shore through a heavy surf knows, and he only knows, the effort he is making and the amount he can endure, but any child on the shore knows better than he how much progress he makes and the direction in which he swings.

If it be true, as has been so frequently said, that no

woman is capable of judging another, it may be that, after all, it is to the opposite sex they must look for unbiassed opinions. However that is, it is with a sincere and earnest desire to say something that can help and instruct you that I am animated, and over everything that may be said, encouragingly or otherwise, there is the deepest and most enduring reverence for the female nature which envelops my life with the many relations of mother, sister, wife, and daughter. Girlhood is the bud of womanhood. It is the time when the nature clings, closely wrapped and enleaved, around the promise and the life.

The very first thought that is suggested arises from such a figure, and that is that the girl should be modest and retiring.

MODESTY.

The same influences which have changed the character of our boys in this age and given rise to the term "Young America" have wrought a similar change in the character of our girls. There is a self-assertion, a pushing forward, common among them which would have shocked their grandmothers. Instead of receptive natures, absorbing, learning, quietly and modestly, there is a common type of young girls who cannot find time enough to tell all they know. They have lost that strange something, that enveloping air of shrinking and retiring sensitiveness, which we naturally expect in girls. The bloom, the freshness, of young years is missing. You have often seen a peach as it hangs upon the tree, flushed with the color of the sun which

it has drunk in. All over it there is a strange bloom, utterly indescribable, but still real and marvellously beautiful,—so real that the slightest touch of the hand removes it forever. The young, ripening girlhood wears just such a bloom, and withers and fades when it is pushed into an unnatural contact with the world. These are the years when you are to receive, not give, influences. God, who made everything wisely and for some good end, has so arranged our lives that the responsibilities imposed upon us are preceded by long preparation to bear them. Your period of life is that of getting, not of imparting. Pupilage is just as noble and as necessary as teaching, and the same responsibility which is upon older women to do something active in imparting their influence is upon you to be passive in receiving influences which shall form your character. The clouds which pour down their beneficent showers upon the thirsty earth must be slowly formed by sightless vapors and by ten thousand unseen mists. And the womanhood that blesses the world by an active beneficence must be content to follow the girlhood of slowly-forming and invisible influences which shrink from inspection and analysis. You are not expected to have *views* on questions which agitate the world. You are not expected by anybody to enlighten the world upon the Eastern question, or the policy of Bismarck, or the tendency of scientific research, or the hardships of women. Nobody in his senses expects you to have your opinions formed and ready for expression on such points, and the phenomenal girls who have definite and positive convictions on every possible

subject must expect to be regarded as monstrosities. To ask questions upon them, to seek information, to listen eagerly, to have all the pores of your mind open and imbibing knowledge upon them, is pardonable and your duty. But it is enough to scare a person to hear a girl of sixteen solve the whole question of science and religion in ten words, eight of them dynamic adjectives. You have the same astonishment that you experience when the rain-drops patter upon you from a cloudless sky, that there is something coming from nothing. The girl has passed out of her sphere, has subjected herself to criticism and remark, and, therefore, has passed beyond the bounds of modesty. There is a sweet and powerful influence which you possess, and which you only possess, but it is an influence only when you are unconscious of it. It is the same influence which is exerted by the quiet retirement of the cloister or the Church. For these have all their mighty power in being untouched by the passions and arrogance and selfishness of the world. In their sweet and quiet sanctity, voiceless and yet hopeful, they are the modest teachers of modesty and innocence. And the sealed lips and flushed cheeks of innocent girlhood are the mightiest sermons which mankind hears urging it to seek again the innocence and humility which she emblems forth.

The contempt which is felt for an effeminate man is not so great as that which is felt for a masculine girl. There is no greater absurdity than what is technically called a strong-minded girl, hoydenish, vain, despising her sex, and adopting the tones and language and

customs of men. She may draw crowds to her side and may seem to be popular, but it is the popularity of the Siamese twins, whom everybody wants to see, but whom everybody pities. All the play of a young, buoyant nature is just as modest as the nodding of the violets and the daisies, but the loud voice, the Amazonian gesture, the arrogant self-assertion and carelessness of public opinion, are not parts of a delicately-balanced girlhood. They attract attention, but repel admiration. The most beautiful girl in the world will only be despised if she is always shrieking in the street-cars, or using masculine language, or telling questionable stories, or inviting delicate pieces of scandal, or challenging admiration by smoking cigarettes. It is expected that girls should have attentions from gentlemen, and you will have, unless this generation should reverse the precedents of all past ones. The only beau worth having is one who seeks you because he has a respect for you underlying every other feeling. And he will respect you only as he sees that you have a true womanly modesty which hedges you with its royal circle. Men may amuse themselves with a bright and clever girl who forgets this, but when they come to marry they want to marry a woman. It was one of the grim cynicisms of Mary Wortley Montagu that the only reason she was glad she was a woman was that, being so, she would not have to marry one of her own sex. It is well for masculine girls to remember that most men do not desire to marry one of their own sex.

The fact of the case is that the girls of this genera-

tion need to be constantly guarded against a false conception of girlhood. If the uniform testimony of foreigners is to be credited, the American girl is a different being from that of other civilized nations.

A gentleman who has lived much abroad and whose sympathies are all with this, his native country, tells me that the average American girl on her travels is viewed with wonder and surprise. Forward, pert, supercilious, negligent of the tastes and customs of others, she is remarked upon as immodest and shallow-brained. Two young girls, riding in Paris, come along the Champs Élysées to a spot where a band is playing. They stop the cab, alight, and begin to waltz there and then, before an amazed and delighted street concourse. They are Americans, showing their superiority to social forms, as social forms are in Paris. They are from the boundless land of prairies and freedom. There is great danger from such an example, from such a reputation as we are held in abroad.

It is the very highest duty that you can render your country and yourself to frown upon such infringements of your purity and maidenly reserve, and in yourself, and in all your influence, restore the girlhood of sweet, modest, blushing delicacy, the most beautiful and attractive of all the flowers that grow.

PURPOSE.

Next to modesty—under which title I intend to include all the graces of a passive girlhood—I would enforce upon you the necessity of *purpose* in your life. It is a very lamentable thing that most girls grow up

with no more definite object than the lily. I suppose if the lily had a consciousness it would say to itself, "I hope I shall grow up pretty, and then, perhaps, some man will pluck me, and I shall not be left to wither on the stalk." In the same way, I take it, the one real definite purpose in the minds of most girls is marriage. What is the chief end of woman? To marry. Well, I believe it is. There is certainly no higher possible condition to which she can aspire than that of wife and mother. It is her normal destiny. But whether you are going to marry or not, you ought to have some aim in life which will not be hindered either by marriage or old maidhood. Do you know I think the reason that old maids are, in the popular literature, called sour and cross is very easy to find? I do not, of course, believe they are so any more than any other class. I have the greatest sympathy with them as a maligned and misrepresented set. They and mothers-in-law ought to be able to recover at common law for libel against the world at large. But when you do find a confirmed case of sourness and bitterness in the person of marriageable years yet unmated, study the subject a little and see whose fault it is, and how it came about. As a young girl she had no other object given her, no more definite purpose, than marriage. That lay before her the crown and sceptre of her life. Never mind this, and never mind that; she would not need them after she was married. All her time was put into the various little accomplishments which are regarded as means, not ends. Unlike her brothers, who were instructed from the very beginning

to aim at something useful and to regard matrimony as an accident, which might or might not happen, she was trained and inspired with one only ambition. Well, something happened, or rather did not, and you have a whole life wrecked. She may have had twenty offers of marriage and found none to suit her. But there she is at the end of girlhood, fitted for nothing but marriage, and still single. It is just as if a boy were to be kept for twenty years learning to be a machinist, not taught anything else, not allowed to consider anything else, and at the end of that time, when his days of study were over, should find every machine-shop in the world resolutely set against employing him. His life has been wasted. All his training is useless. With any great number of such cases you might find as much sourness and bitterness as are sometimes attributed to other disappointments.

Take any number of young girls from sixteen years to twenty, and is it not true that nearly every one of them is purposeless, aimless, waiting to see which way the tides setting out of the future will whirl her? And yet put those same girls beside their brothers of the same age, and you will find the girls have as much or more aptitude in general learning, as much or more brilliancy of perception, certainly more intuitive and sympathetic natures. It would seem that there is nothing for which the boy aims for which the girl may not prepare herself.

Each of them, boy and girl, looks forward to marriage as a possibility; but beyond that why cannot you girls, like the boys, look forward to doing something

and being something as a result of your present efforts? You have some one faculty better than another; you are marked by the Creator with a tendency which you should strive to discover and develop. God never made one of you without intending you should fill some particular niche in the universe. There may be ten millions of others attempting to fill it, but it is yours; it will be empty until you step into it. Your purpose is to find that niche and fill it. It may be as a literary character, a furnisher of thought, as a newspaper correspondent, as a hospital nurse, as a salesman, as a milliner, as a committeeman in many charities, as the secretary of a sewing society, or as a simple peacemaker in society. It may be any one of ten thousand other things, but it is some one thing. Now, suppose you take music lessons. In a half-dozen lessons you will know whether you have struck your appointed line. You will know whether you have the music in yourself and are trying to get it out, or whether you are perfectly destitute of it and helping your teacher to pump it in. It is either an inspiration or a merely mechanical exercise of memory. Some girls, however, are kept at it at vast expense year after year, and at last have no more music than when they began. They have crammed all they know. They have not educated themselves, for education means drawing out what is in them; but they have stuck on an artificial accomplishment, and every good judge detects the artifice. Not that it is a bad thing to attempt music even mechanically, if you do not lose application in your peculiar line. But while you are thumping at a piano

or strumming at a harp, you might be growing rapidly in your natural directions. I know it is very difficult to determine in any case what you shall do or shall not do, but there are some things that seem very plain. There is nothing so marvellous in biographical history as the way in which greatness has had to struggle to be great in its own way. A spiritual, high-souled boy, who from the very first-expressed word has shown that God made him for a poet or preacher, has had to fight against being made a butcher or baker. A great heavy-jawed, thick-lipped, under-headed, unemotional boy, who loves to be in the shambles and at the dog-fights, is caught up by fond parents, and finds himself in the ministry or grinding out poetry. As it is with boys who are not allowed to grow up into natural usefulness, but are put into an educational lathe and turned out doctors, lawyers, preachers, or mechanics or artists, to order, so it is to a much greater degree with girls. They are taken in hand and squeezed into such shapes as their parents think look best. Now, look into your own nature, each of you young girls, and ask yourself what is the dominant tendency in you; what do you take to most eagerly in your studies, in your duties, in your amusements? If I do not mistake, you will find that these are all held together by one invisible bond, which is the secret of your strength. There is one study which is a pleasure, and it runs itself, without your being aware of it, into amusement and daily routine. In Raphael it was the study of art; in Whitney, of mechanics; in Beethoven, of music; in St. Paul, of God; in Mary, of contemplative religion;

in Martha, of domestic order; in Dorcas, of charity; in Florence Nightingale, of human suffering. Every real life, every great life, has one germ and centre—like the star-fish—nourished from every side, taking food all around the circumference of its being, yet it carries everything to a common centre, where its living, animating purpose is.

So far as you have the choice, then, do not trim your life into an unnatural shape, as men trim a parterre to make it attractive. Perhaps you love the study of history. Well, why cannot you be another Miss Strickland? Make history your object, study its philosophy and current, and you may be very useful to the world entirely aside from any maternal duties you may have. Perhaps you are fond of rhetoric and composition. Why may you not strive for usefulness in the line adorned by Hannah More, Sévigné, or George Eliot? Perhaps you love to study art. Why may you not find a vocation here, and rest your arm against Harriet Hosmer's or your easel against Rosa Bonheur's? Perhaps you have the musical afflatus. A purpose to succeed there need not fail when you remember what Nilsson or Camilla Urso and many women have done. Think of any one great and noble purpose, and if you feel it in you, you will see successful women walking in it before you. No matter if you do not become as great and famous as they have been; work, strive to tread upon their heels. But animate your lives with a purpose of some kind. Put a candle in your lantern, and keep it burning and shining.

I am not going to say what vocations a woman may

or may not follow, but it seems to me that there is not any on the earth where women could not get along as well as the majority of men now employed in it, and I believe there is as much a divine calling to one thing as to another. A man is called of God to be a good lawyer as well as a good preacher, and yet it is clear that God does not always call clients to the lawyer or congregations to the preacher. And I never have been able to see why a young girl who has an intense conviction that she ought to enter a profession should not do so. She couldn't fail worse than half the men do. But aside from that debatable ground, there is the one great truth that you ought to have some stimulating purpose in all you do. What is the reason in the nature of things that, after breakfast, the boys pick up the morning paper and the girls pick up the latest novel? Why do boys take to politics and base-ball, and talk about the doings of men yesterday all over the country, while girls talk about Amaryllis and Francesco, and wonder whether Almira is going really to marry Percival or take Ronaldo back? Isn't it because boys expect to be in the real world some day and must begin to get posted, while the girls are apt to live in an unreal world of expectations and possibilities, and look at the course of political events, elections, rise and fall of statesmen, discussions of great issues, and all that, just in the way they look at the Zulu war, entirely removed from them, touching their life nowhere? My experience leads me to the conclusion that most young girls are as ignorant of the politics of to-day in our country as they are of the campaign in

Zululand. Stand a hundred up in a row and ask them who is the chief justice of the United States, who are Ohio's senators in Congress, which party and what principles are in power in the national or State government, and you will see what an ideal life they are living. After the heat of this campaign, when every paper for three months had been full of political information, and you didn't hear anything but Ewing and Foster, I heard a very intelligent lady say that her husband laughed at her because she supposed that Mr. Foster was running for county commissioner, and on my telling this as a good specimen of ignorance, I elicited from another intelligent lady that she was confident that Foster was the Democratic candidate for governor.

While you are seeking some greater purpose, let me commend to you a resolution to acquaint yourself with the world in which you live, to read up upon the construction and management of the government under which you live, and to get some conception of the questions and men which are foremost to-day. Don't let the unreal world of the novel assume the place of the real world which grows your bread and butter. That phrase, bread and butter, is a good one to commit to memory. It means a great deal. It stands for a whole range of prosaic and ordinary ideas which need to be pushed forward.

The men of our generation have been too much given to the bread-and-butter side of life. They have very nearly forgotten the ideal and spiritual parts of human nature. But you young girls, as a class, can't be justly charged with erring in that direction. The concurrence

of many influences has made you thoroughly unpractical. During the awful distresses of France, just before the Revolution of 1789, one of the brightest young women of the court was told of some great suffering in a cottage, and asked what was the trouble. "The poor man has six children, and has no bread," was the answer. "Well," said this estimable and practical young lady, with great sympathy, "why do they not eat cake, then?" There was the same deplorable ignorance of the real toiling, bread-and-butter world which is so common to-day.

A hundred years ago our grandmothers were studying cook-books and whirling spinning-wheels, and working with a purpose, when they got through the schooling of those days and reached sixteen or seventeen years of age. But now, when school-days are gone, all over the country our bright young girls, having finished their education, as the saying is, sit down to wait for the days when the princes shall come and start them into real life in the enchanted palaces. Your life is one of aimlessness, of waiting, and you were certainly not meant to be included among those of whom Milton says,—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Of all the periods of your life this absorbing, crescent, plastic age is the very one which you can least afford to waste. At sixteen your acquiring faculties can learn more in an hour than they can learn in a day at thirty. The warm wax takes easily the impression of the seal; to wait is to have it harden into greater

and greater obduracy. Put the seal and stamp of some great purpose into the warm and plastic character that you now have. Read for a purpose, not simply to kill time. Study, write, inquire, think, speak, act, with an end in view of getting all your powers into action and becoming a force in the world. Bend your wishes to it.

And now let me close with some general suggestions: Be content to enjoy some things a little less that you may have greater health and endurance. The present modes of dress will not permit you to be very sensible, but be as sensible as you can in adjusting the weights and the protection of your clothes. Take plenty of exercise. Regard that as the first duty of your life. Don't get thoroughly heated in a ball-room and then rush out into the open air. Don't make candy the main article of your diet, diversified with a little meat and vegetable. I sometimes feel as if the law ought to be invoked against the manufacture of sweetmeats. The amount of this slow poison that is consumed is fearful. And I rather think the most of it is eaten by young girls, whose appetites are thereby destroyed for the substantial food that their growing bodies need. Make up your mind that for every novel you read you will read an equal amount at least in some useful direction. When you choose a novel, take it as you would buy a picture,—for its merit and power, not because it is the last thing out. Some novels educate and instruct. Such are Scott's, Bulwer's, Dickens's, and Thackeray's. So much cannot be said of most novels of to-day. They are syllabub, and act on the mind as candy does on the body. I can't conceive of a more lamentable condition

than that of a young girl on a bright summer day with a box of candy and a copy of "Red as a Rose is She." But many of you can, I suppose. If I might say one thing further, I would humbly suggest that most books do not derive any additional value from pencilled annotations on the margin, and that when you feel called on to applaud or condemn any particular passage in a library book, you make a severe struggle with yourself until you overcome the propensity.

In conclusion, I wish very seriously to remind you of your responsibilities to God and your fellow-men. God has put you in a position where you must be an example and a guide to boys, who are not given so spiritual a nature. In that critical time which every boy has to pass through between the time that he ceases to be under his parents' direct tutelage and the time when he begins to be a responsible man himself, there is no influence bearing on him for his good or bad which can for a moment be compared to yours. In all his moods you can be his Mentor. A word from you may turn his life as a rock turns the whirling river-current. Your being is the complement of his. Stronger than teacher, preacher, master, or parent, your young hands hold the wand which may make him a noble or a dwarf. I beg you to think of this, and by the simplicity of your faith, and the firmness of your religious life, draw him upward to the hope that is in Christ as by the modesty and innocence of your life you make him love the pure and the true. The basis of true womanhood is in her union with God. The maiden of Galilee incarnated the Son of

God and ennobled all her sex. She is your type forever, in that she was the chosen one to make Christ manifest to the world. Your responsibility is upon you. You are your brother's keeper; you may know the pleasure of converting a sinner from the error of his ways and hiding a multitude of sins.

WIFEHOOD.

A LECTURE addressed to women bearing the relations of wife will, of course, regard their duties and position towards the husband. With the many other questions of home management and woman's sphere beyond the defined limits of the husband and wife, I have nothing to do to-night. What is the wifehood which God intended? What are the things which ennoble, and what are the things which degrade, the wife? What are the elements which must exist in her to make her that which the highest interests not only of herself and husband, but of society and the world, demand that she should be? Of course, it does not need that I should say even by implication that the highest purity and fidelity to the marriage-vow are essential to the true wife. Whatever else men have differed about, from the days of the ancient world marrying and giving in marriage there has never been any divergence of opinion as to this matter, that the very highest interests of the state and society hang upon a strict fulfilment of the marital obligations. The seventh commandment, spoken amid the thunders of Sinai, had been already impressed upon the consciousness of the race, and all the hopes of future stability, of property interests, of human affections and sincerity, as well as of eternal happiness, depend upon

the strict obedience of this law. The lecture which is addressed to wives may presume that they are wives, and speak of the virtues and attributes which, as they have them or lack them, make them to differ as one star differs from another star in glory.

So important is the position of any wife, so exalted the dignity which she bears, so sacred the tie with which God and man have bound her to her husband, that he of old, although the mightiest man upon the earth, belittled the subject, sunk the ocean in a drop, when he said that Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. Higher than the royal diadem which Calphurnia was offered by the Roman populace is the crown of wifehood which she wore in common with a million others. In the palace or in the cottage, in the splendid halls where the tribute of a hundred nations was daily poured with lavish hands at the feet of him whom she called husband and all the world besides called master, or in the swineherd's hut among the Apennines, where man and beast alike were fed upon the autumnal bounty of the acorn-dropping oaks, wherever stepped a *wife*, she was a sister and equal of Calphurnia in the royalty which was ancient when the Cæsars rose, and is yet young when their dynasty is buried under the ruins of many others. It is this mightier unction of an eternal queenship which gives a force to Cæsar's narrow truth. She should be above suspicion not because she was Cæsar's, but because she was a wife.

When we use or hear the expression "a good wife," what is the idea which it raises in the mind? what

qualities does it suggest as necessary to such a character? They are many, and really difficult to analyze and state. A good wife is like a good picture: the better it is the harder it is to describe. The artist who stands before a poor picture will instantly point out the reasons why it is bad. Its faults are glaring. But put him before a landscape of Corot or a figure-piece of Le Fébvre, and just in proportion as he appreciates the truth and beauty of the art will he be baffled in telling its merits. You cannot tell it; all you can do is to say, "*Look*, there it is,—that is the perfect thing." So in attempting to mention in detail any one of the many qualities of an ideal wife, one is apt to weaken the general effect which the words themselves produce. Certain qualities are exaggerated, others are forgotten, and the picture described is not the picture which the mind creates. But as artists have to study the skeleton before they can make the picture and know something of the main parts of the structure, and where the strength is behind the beauty, so we may perhaps find some qualities to dwell upon in discussing the *wife* which are concealed by, and yet uphold the body of, her fame and beauty.

Perhaps there is no better word under which to group many virtues together than the word

DOMESTICITY.

1. The good wife must find her life's centre in her home. However much she may enjoy social life, however much she may be pleased with current amusements, she must regard these as secondary to the

pleasures and the duties of her own and her husband's home.

There is such a thing as being too much shut up, of being so engrossed in home duties as to neglect or ignore the other demands of life. It is a most pernicious thing. The social qualities in us all were implanted by God, and if they be stunted and starved we rob ourselves of just so much of the fulness of our possibilities. Every wife ought to feel it her duty to mingle with the world outside her home, and bring back with her all she can of the freshness and novelty of change. The most delightful home on earth will become monotonous and the best disposition soured or disappointed if the walls of this home shut in the horizon on every side, and all the earth be narrowed to its dimensions. You remember the story of Rasselas. The beautiful valley had all the joys and delights of earth within it, but he only began to appreciate them when he had been away from them and seen the greater and drearier world outside. While shut up within its mountains and confined to its narrow life he was ever sighing, ever miserable, because he knew that there were people like himself beyond the blue hazy mountains, and he longed to be with them, to know them, to love them. Now, your home is narrower even than the happy valley.

The tranquillity and freshness of your life will depend upon the new elements of contentment which you gather from without. You must touch the rushing waters of human interests every day, or else languish and decay. If you have the notion that your duties

are so arduous and pressing that you cannot find time to go out from day to day and that you must be at home, you ought to remember that the doing of to-day's work must not outweigh the work of many days to come. The machinery designed to last for many years must not be overstrained for a trifle. All about you are people on whom you ought to lean, from whom you ought to gather strength and encouragement and information, and the ripeness of your usefulness will depend much upon the way you use these divine props and helps. Shut yourself up from society, keep your life down to the whirling grindstone of petty care, of routine duty, see no one but your husband and household, and it is marvellous how rapidly you will grow old and morbid. Did you ever notice the difference between the plants that are just on the brink of a stream and those that are about two inches too high to be benefited by the moisture? Although the one be but a slight distance from the other, yet because it is touched by the living current it is fresh and green and buoyant, and because the other is not so touched it is dry and yellow and seedy. Moving life, living movement, are as much factors of our life as of the animals and plants. There are withered and shrivelled women who are so because they have vainly thought that they have reservoirs of freshness in themselves and need not be replenished from the life of others.

Domesticity does not mean isolation, a giving up of the outer world, but it means this,—that the world outside of the house is regarded as a great park or pleasure-garden into which the wife may go to gather the means

of making her home fresher and more beautiful. She enjoys everything, and is all the time thinking of the added glories of her home when she goes back to it with hands full of fragrant flowers and veins pulsing with fresher life. With her there is nothing on earth to be compared for a moment with home and husband. They are the central sun around which all the universe of her being swings, but for the very reason that they are so much to her she strives to keep herself ever as fitted for them as when she first called them hers. She leaves home at times that she may come to it again with the zest of change and variation. Now, this is very different from the case of some wives, who regard their homes as dungeons and grasp every opportunity to go from them, as St. Peter grasped the angel, glad to get out even while he wist not where he was going. The difference between the cases lies in the different conceptions of home; it is in the way in which two hearts are united to it. If you think of your home as a cage whose bars are yet bars even if golden, and if you flutter from it with the sense of a freed prisoner and go back to it with the feeling of a snared bird, you will make it in reality the dreariest spot on earth not only for yourself, but for your husband. Everything is limited here in our life. Even space itself, infinite as we call it, may be thought of and moaned over as a prison shutting us in and making us prisoners. I do not think of the ark as the pleasantest of habitations while the waters covered the earth, and yet the dove beat its way back with glad speed to this its home, bringing with it the gleanings of a reappearing earth.

However dreary an ark your home may be, it will be only the more so if you go out and gather what the earth can give and then reluctantly turn again to it, a prison-ship desolate and alone on the waters. But unless everything in experience is at fault, you may make it the happiest and sweetest spot you ever saw if you are diligent to bring into it the olive-branches of hope and joy which you went out to find. And by domesticity I mean, too, the habit of doing the household routine as a pleasure, not as a penalty. A woman who really loves her home looks at the little things of duty just as an engraver looks at the little touches of his tool upon the plate,—with an abiding pleasure in watching their effect and an eager desire to see that they bring out his idea into beauty. Suppose Carl Müller, when he wanted to engrave the Holy Family, for instance, had said to himself at the beginning, "Here is a great deal of insignificant small cutting to do before the figures begin to appear. I will turn this over and let my apprentice do this. When he gets the little rubbishy detail work executed, I will take the plate and do the great design." We should never have had the Holy Family. We all see at once that it is the little detail work that determines the engraving; it is the important part of the work.

The plate when it is finished is nothing but a unique combination of details. Well, that is just what perfect housewifery is,—a beautiful completion of hundreds of little things, each done faithfully and lovingly, with the devotion of an artist who has no higher ambition on earth than the successful result of her efforts. She

can take as much pleasure, if it be her business, in dusting a parlor, as Müller in the use of his burin. When she sits down to sew, she finds just as much inspiration in working out the problem of making her home happy by doing so small a thing as putting on a button as Reynolds had in painting one on some of his fine portraits. In either case, hers or Reynolds's, the thing which is needed to bring the work into completion is a *button;* and so he puts it on with his brush, and she puts it on with her needle. She does everything in the line of her duty with the pleasure of a life that is working normally. Now, contrast this with the case of a wife who looks at household cares as evils, and as so many trials upon her patience and good nature. As her highest enjoyments are external to her domestic duties, these duties are always thrusting themselves in upon her as thorns, fretting and irritating her. A button has to be put on, and she turns to do it piteously, complaining that she doesn't do anything but sew from morning till night. The dust piles up so that she can't get through it without noticing it, and then it is cleaned up, and the husband is called on to know that she doesn't get her apron off from morning till night. Everything goes wrong because she has not the domestic instinct. She does not think of her home duties primarily, and they must be done primarily; and so she and the duties carry on a long skirmishing war, in which she is always surrendering at last, and doing finally and grumblingly what she ought to have done at first cheerfully. I imagine this is the trouble in a great many families in which there is perfect affection

and congeniality, but the wife does not make home the centre of her life, and so throws everything a little out of regularity and there is constant jarring. You know how the complications of a whole machine-shop depend upon the accuracy with which two cog-wheels turn upon each other. If one wheel hangs back even a second, there is a jar throughout the whole machinery. That exemplifies what I am saying as to the domestic instinct in wives, and in husbands too, of course. There is such a thing as doing everything in its time and place, by making domestic details a duty and pleasure, and thus having the household run smoothly and efficiently; and there is such a thing as doing everything just a second too late by making home a secondary thought, and thus having the household constantly jarring and destroying peace with its rattle and noise.

There is a most affecting and beautiful description of a true wife in her domestic duties given in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs which ought to be read and pondered. Making allowance for the different circumstances of that age and climate and our own, any wife may well seek to imitate the ideal wife of the days of Solomon. There is no finer conception of true wifehood outlined in ancient or modern literature, and it is in itself an argument for the inspiration and divinity of the book that records it. I regard this quality of domesticity as so important in the character of a wife that it may be said to make or mar her. As she has it, she makes a tenement a home. If you think a moment, you will see that the husband's home is really the product of the wife. It is spun from her

nature. It is the cocoon into which her life-labor is continually weaving itself.

So much brick and mortar and slate and plaster make a house, so much furniture and carpet and other things make it habitable; but the one thing which makes it a home to the husband is a wife. She is its spirit, its living, working, organizing principle. She is to it what the unseen life is to the tree, without which the tree is merely timber and bark and leaf, and with which it is ever increasing and varying its beauty, drinking in the elements of perpetuity and growth from earth and sky and sea.

2. Let me now turn to one other great cluster of wifely qualities, which may be grouped under the word

ADAPTABILITY.

The original institution of marriage may throw light upon the meaning which I attach to this word. The man was first made, and afterwards the woman. She was to be to him a helpmeet. In the Hebrew the term translated *helpmeet* signifies a counterpart,—signifies exactly that relation which the stamped image in wax bears to the stamp that made it. The wife was to be so nicely adapted to the nature of the husband and he to the wife's that they should be two halves, forming one perfect unit. Each should be the complement of the other, and each should be incomplete, a fraction, without the other. This is the ideal marriage. Now, when ten thousand artificial requirements are thrust by society upon the young people who are to marry, it is easy to see that in the majority of cases perhaps there

will not be that complete sympathy and entire merging of individuality into the one flesh on the part of the twain who become one. There is no need of lamenting over the want of proper discrimination in marriage. Dr. Johnson was of the opinion that there would be more happiness if the lord chancellor were to choose a wife for every man, and determine the matter without reference to the wishes of the parties. However that may be, it is certainly one of the first duties of a wife to adapt herself as she best can to the tastes, dispositions, and nature of her husband. The same obligation is upon him,—perhaps to a greater extent, because the woman's nature is apt to be the finer and the worthier. They must strive by art to produce the ideal union which was intended by God in marriage. Let me give some instances of what I mean. We will suppose that you are by nature of a very religious tendency. The realities of another world are infinitely precious to you. You derive most of the comfort of your life from a rest and peace with God. You have married, and find your husband utterly unsympathetic in the matter. He has no fondness for religion. It takes no hold upon him. You are worlds asunder in the deeps of your souls. Your lives touch at the top, but yawn apart down in the hidden recesses of your life. Now, what I mean by adaptability in such a case as this is not becoming like him, abandoning your God and your hope, but fitting yourself to make him happy in spite of the diversity and antagonism. The only way in which you can ever marry his soul to yours is by drawing him closer and closer to the warm

heart of your religious faith, as he sees how sweet and pure and brave it makes you in life trials. You adapt yourself to his defects by making your corresponding virtues stronger. You make the integer by yourself supplying an excess where he falls short. Suppose you begin another way, and give him coffee and creed for breakfast, and soup and theology for dinner, and toast and eternal punishment for supper, and refresh him at night with extracts from Jonathan Edwards; it will not be long before you are as far from a perfect union as sulphuric acid and iron filings. You cannot pour religion into a man as you can put water into a tank, but you may by sweetness and common sense, and by the unselfishness of your life in the service of God, reach down to the roots of his heart, where, unknown to him, are buried the germs of his own religious nature, and so start them into a free and healthy development of their own capsulate life. Religion has as much its own seed to spring from as any plant, and can no more grow without it than any plant. You must strive to make your husband grow by his own grace and into his own religious shape, and not be charging him with your own individual ideas. Now take another case. You have been brought up in a rather puritan atmosphere, and by the law of contrarities, which so often obtains, your husband is rather a free liver, fond of his amusements and cigars and wines.

Now, I cannot help thinking that the true duty of the wife is to adjust herself to her disappointment and be so much closer to her husband in every moment of his life that he must in time begin to ask how he can

clear away the few things which lie as obstacles to a perfect marriage. Love begets love, and love only can weld two beings together. After a while, it may be years, a true man who is thus married to a wife and knows that she does not like his habits, but sees, too, how very considerate and thoughtful and sweet she has been to him, will begin to think that such a woman is worth giving up something for, and then some day that couple will celebrate their second and real wedding, where their souls are joined together in the ideal marriage. The wife has gained her husband by adapting herself to a disappointment and seeking to remove its cause. Well, you say, think how much misery she may endure all the time, especially if her husband be an inebriate and a *roué*. But I am supposing that she must endure something. There is only to leave him or live with him, and I am saying how she may best endure that under which she suffers and how best correct it. Of course there is another method of going to work. You may try to make him throw off the cloak of bad or disagreeable habits not by the gentle, loving power of the sun, but by the harsher and swifter method of the storm. Every cigar will be a text and every glass of wine a whole chapter, and you may raise such an inquisition into his life that you can expose the whole current of it, but, after all, I doubt whether in the majority of cases you will make him better or your home happier. Under such processes love melts away. You cut the only cord by which you might draw him. He sits across the little breakfast-table from you, but it isn't the table, but deserts and

continents, that separate you. He begins sullenly to retaliate upon your curiosity and hectoring by doing what he pleases more than ever, and you become two warring principles tied together by law.

Whenever I consider the two ways of influencing men,—by gentleness and by wrath,—I am reminded of a story of the old slavery days. There were two Abolitionist lecturers—an old Quaker and a young man—who travelled together, making speeches for the good cause. Wherever they spoke the Quaker would make the first speech and always secured respectful hearing; but when the young man followed him, he uniformly elicited hisses and cat-calls and eggs, and such other expressions of disapproval as were common in those days. After enduring this thing for some time, he laid the matter before the Quaker and asked him how it was that they were so differently treated. They spoke on the same subject, they agreed in their convictions, and yet were uniformly treated differently. The old man answered him with a wisdom that commends itself; he said, "It is because thee always tells them how wicked they are, and how much they ought to be ashamed and punished; and I tell them how good they might be, and how much reward they may receive." I didn't hear the arguments made by these individuals, but I will warrant the Quaker made more converts and kept his clothes and skin least damaged.

Just think of the way in which a wife's character may change in a few weeks, to the amazement of her husband. Just before marriage she treats him as if he could not err. When he wants to smoke, nobody

must light his cigar but herself. The last glass of wine is spoken of as a jest. Now, after three or four weeks or months, she cannot expect much effect from scolding the habit or lamenting its influence upon the lace curtains or furniture. He sees that the curtains are not more susceptible to aromas than they were before, and that four weeks or months have not changed the crop of Havana tobacco from entire goodness to utter vileness. I wonder if there would not be a longer life to many a honeymoon if the wife were as considerate and sweet towards the husband as she was to the lover?

Again I say I am not speaking to husbands now. If I were, I can think of a whole ocean of similar advice to pour in here. Everything that makes selfishness is latent in man to a greater extent than in woman. But I am considering the case of wives only, and so think of this selfishness as it exists in them.

Consider the quality of adaptability now with reference not to the husband, but to the circumstances and changes of domestic life. The advice of St. Paul is very good,—to be content in any state in which you may find yourself. A real sensible wife can make her home cheerful and happy by cheerfully and happily adapting her desires to her husband's means. When he has five hundred dollars a year, she narrows all her ambitions, and does her best to get all the pleasures for her home which can be squeezed out of five hundred dollars. As he gets richer or poorer she adapts everything to the change. But the way she does it is by being contented with the condition and style of living which

the income affords. When she begins to contrast her home with richer and more elegant ones, and to sigh for this thing and that thing which one of her old school-fellows has in her handsome home, she is beginning to sow thorns in her heart and home. Suppose you have a cosy, comfortable home, with everything that is necessary to the comfort of life. You know your husband's circumstances, and you know they will not admit with prudence of much increase in outlay. I sincerely believe that the greatest part of earth's real happiness is to be found in just such homes, where comforts, but not luxuries, are attainable. But you will not have a share in that happiness unless you are contentedly adapted to the life. If you come in to your neat, modest little home and love it better than any grandeur and splendor you have seen in calling upon your friends,—love it because it is yours and your husband's and is the highest possible expression of the love you bear one another,—then you have adaptability as a virtue. But if you come in, and throw your gloves down, and sink into a chair, and tell your husband you will be perfectly miserable unless you can have a placque like Mrs. Blank's, or a colored waiter, or a coupè, or a new rug, or a fall bonnet, you will be lacking in good sense and in character. You are sighing for the unattainable, and you might as well sulk because you cannot have one of the Pleiades for a hair ornament. Your husband can give you so much; if by blandishments you secure more, you are making him risk everything. You are bringing into the house the mighty care of *debt*, and jeopardizing everything

for trifles which your reason tells you are not necessary to home.

My mind turns to the perfect happiness of Traddles and his Sophia, who were all ready for housekeeping because they had the neatest little marble-topped table in the world, and although they had not another thing on earth they put this table into a million combinations, and foresaw it would answer many demands. That is the spirit of adaptability. From such little things the home gradually grows, and I could take you to many rich houses in this city, where the people who live luxuriantly and happily in it will point with pride to some old-fashioned chair or table or bureau, and tell you how happy they were to buy that thing in the early and narrow days of an early but not narrow love; and I think they turn away from it to silks and Turkish rugs, which prosperity and later years have brought, with something of pathos in their hearts, as if a hand touched the chords of memory and it gave out the strains of forgotten melodies.

I have no time to say to you how much farther this quality of adaptability runs its threads through the good wife's nature, how it means amiability, cheerfulness, contentment, silent suffering, voiceless anxiety.

The figure under which our Saviour describes his relation to the Church is that of the marriage tie. Through all the centuries the struggles of civilization have been to attain a more perfect union between Christ and his Bride. As the Church is striving with all her power to make herself a reflection of Christ's own

nature, so that there shall be the completest harmony in that holy marriage, so I commend to the wives and to the husbands united by the same bond the spirit of love and joy and peace and humility, in honor preferring one another. The questions of obedience, of first and second, of lord and servant, cannot arise in a true marriage. The perfect love which unites the husband and the wife as God designed drives out fear and rivalry and dual interests. Wherever the civil law may determine the voice and authority of the two united wills shall be, yet the wife speaks through the husband and the husband for the wife. The two may reverently and properly use the words of the Saviour to His Father, and pray that they may be one, even as the Father and the Son are one. In such a union there is no jealousy, no bickering, no struggling for command.

The wife is merged in the husband and he in the wife, and from the correlation of their differing natures springs the better nature of their oneness.

MOTHERHOOD.

To-night we consider woman in relation to her offspring, in her responsibilities and privileges towards the children whom she has brought into the world. The glories of maternity have been forever the theme of song and story. The ancients worshipped the reproductive principle, and so strange, so miraculous, are the origin and development of life that motherhood is to-day not only the glory but the marvel of earth. When we speak of the incarnation of the Son of God as the very highest evidence of God's love for us, in that He gave His Son to be born, not of the seed of angels, but that He humbled Himself to be born of a Jewish virgin, we express wonder at so great a miracle. But while the mystery of Christmas Day is one of vast and overwhelming importance to us all, yet motherhood in general, wherein God propagates the life which was once in Him alone in all the universe, is the problem which is as unknowable as God Himself. She who is a mother has in her own person wrought again the primal miracle of Genesis. Even as God, she has brought life from matter and made the first creature of a new world. Explain this great mystery, and there is none left. The mystery of God is the mystery of life. You remember Tennyson's words,—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck thee out of thy crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and Man is."

And these words are literally true, for there is nothing in the nature and existence of God that is more mysterious or more beyond finite conception than is the motherhood which lies behind all organic life. What vast, almost infinite, powers were capsulate in the first living cell from which the universe unfolded itself! What lines of life converged to one centre in her of whom the sacred writer speaks, "Now, Eve was the mother of all living and to live"! The mother of to-day may foresee the life that she brings forth propagated through numberless generations, until mighty nations shall be her children in the ages that are yet to come. The city, the state, the nation, are the work of men's hands,—they are human organizations,—but the family, which is the type of all unions and all governments, is the creature of God. And the woman who holds the sceptre in that little state, that miniature world, who is the author and finisher of its happiness and its being, must expect some responsibilities beyond those of ordinary womanhood.

To her children she is bound by as many ties as they have faculties and needs. To her alone of all the millions of earth's women do her children look for the means of perfect and symmetrical growth. Divide the human nature of the child into three parts, and we may

easily see how much responsibility the mother has. In your child there are three classes of qualities which must be advancing together, and which pertain to him, as he has a body, a mind, and a soul.

1. What is the duty of motherhood to the *physical* wants of the child? Look back upon your childhood and you will see how late you were in learning some of the most necessary laws of health and exercise. If you had not been assisted by older wisdom, you would have irreparably diminished your physical strength and health by neglect or error. The duty is upon you now to impart the same monition to your children,—to exercise upon them all such care as shall save them from subsequent pain and ill-health.

Motherly affection ought not to crowd out motherly prudence, but to be its best spring and source. Because children eagerly desire food which is bad for them, because they want to sit up at unwholesome hours, because they shrink from proper exercise and habits, there is no reason why the mother's love should yearn to gratify them. She loves them so deeply that she will not allow them to plant the seeds of future misery in their physical life. Her better knowledge penetrates beneath their shallow and evanescent wishes, and saves them days of pain by giving them moments of disappointment.

There is much written, and there ought to be much read, nowadays, upon the proper care of health. Every mother ought to inform herself upon the primary facts of hygiene and strive to apply her knowledge. A child who comes to years of discretion in broken health or

chronic disease, and traces it to neglect or foolish indulgence in childhood, has a good grievance and a just charge against the affection as well as the wisdom of its parents. But I think many loving mothers dress their children more for appearance than for comfort. The styles of clothing for children are some of them as absurd as those for adults; and that is a strong saying. Little bodies in which vital powers have not had time to seat themselves firmly are for social requirements subjected to changes of clothing and to exposure which lay deep the seeds of permanent disease. Children are not toys to exhibit, but little lives to nourish.

The tremendous mortality of infants is accounted for by remembering that many mothers regard their children as capable of enduring the same amount of strain on physical strength as themselves.

They want to go out in the evening and cannot leave the baby, and so take it with them. They eat black cake; the baby cries for it, and to hush it and restore peace the baby gets some black cake. The bedtime of the child changes with its whims or with the engagements of the mother; if it will not go to sleep when she wants it to, it must be sick, and Mrs. Winslow, who has soothed many a child into its last sleep, is invoked to furnish a laudanum stupor. It is marvellous how some children ever do get grown up. They are put through as many ordeals as any prisoner in the Middle Ages, and yet survive. And the strange thing is that many mothers think they make the child happy by gratifying its every wish.

I remember once a mother telling with great pride

that her little child had eaten four bananas just before going to bed, and had slept beautifully. Now, that is an accomplishment if the child is in training for a museum curiosity, like the sword-swallower or the stone-eater; but if it is only in training for healthy manhood, it is a serious strain to put it to. What a child can do in the way of digestion, and what it ought to be permitted to do, are two things.

A growing child is certainly worth as much as a nurseryman's tree, but just see how carefully the progress of a valuable tree is watched. Its requirements are studied and pondered over; its incipient disease checked; its chemical elements supplied by patient effort; its tendency to defective growth checked by instantaneous application of girds and props.

If a tree is worth all this,—a tree which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the fire,—how much worthier is a human body, which enshrines an eternal soul!

The opinion that a child will grow up strong anyhow, without reference to the kind of mother it has or to the treatment it has, is one that is contradicted by the common sense of everybody. The years of childhood really shape the bodily structure according to the nurture and food and regular habits which the child has.

You can make a tree grow straight or crooked, and you can make a normally-constituted child strong or sickly as you bring far-reaching love and assiduous self-sacrifice to the task or leave the little one to a Topsy-like life of unassisted development. The virtues of pure air, of fresh oxygen, are beginning to be appreciated more than they used to be.

But it has been a hard struggle. The generations which follow ours will remember it for many blessed inventions and improvements in social comforts, but for none will it be more thankful than for this,—that the female nature in this age began to see gleams of sense in the prescription of good ventilation and frequent change of air in houses. It used to be said—and I am apt to think with reason—that fresh air and women were sworn enemies. A house was kept hermetically sealed day after day for fear of draughts and colds, and the same poisonous atmosphere was again and again taken into the lungs. Parents and children slept at night with windows and doors shut tight, and waked in the morning in an air that was stifling. Furnaces poured out their blasts of hot air, and imperceptibly to the inmates the temperature rose and rose until every particle of oxygen was burnt away and the blood was in fevered heat. These things have changed somewhat, I think and hope, and households have more of the constant benefit of living air. Children need it as much as the flowers, and it should be the mother's duty to see that they get it. With good fresh air, plain good food, cleanliness, and proper clothing, the child will have the main demands of its nature gratified, and for these it has the natural right to hold its parents responsible.

2. What does the mother owe to the *mind* of the child? Those who have studied the development of an infant mind must have been struck with the facility of its operations. It receives impressions with mar-

vellous rapidity, and retains them for years. Aristotle used to speak of the newly-born mind as a plain tablet perfectly free from any inscription. Everything must be put upon it from outside. As the child is so constantly with the mother, it is from her that its first acquisitions must come. The primary workings of the reason, the perceptions, and sensations, which are the basis of intellectual actions, all are experienced under the mother's guidance. Words dropped thoughtlessly stimulate curiosity; the child's mind feeds upon its parent's mind. The intelligence and clearness displayed in your answers to questions, the patience which you show in trying to explain the things which puzzle the little mind, are great factors in the future condition of that mind. Your child's mind is just as hungry as its body. There are a million things every day that are puzzles to it. It wants to know everything and does not know anything, and it is the mother who has the great privilege of taking this young mind and furnishing it the beginnings of truth. What a sacred duty it is! Think of the day when Isaac Newton first raised a baby's face to the skies and asked wonderingly what the glittering star-points were. He lived to weigh and measure them, and declare the law by which they swung in their orbits, but behind the vastness of his knowledge there lay the simple information of his mother, who could not, perhaps, call one star by its name. Many a child who is to-day bending over its mother's hand, and listening with wonder to the simplest facts of our human experience, shall from these small seeds of knowledge, obtainable only from her,

grow new forests of thoughts and knowledge for mankind. The world of to-morrow is the child of to-day. The mothers of to-day are the teachers of the statesmen, orators, philosophers, scientists, merchants, of to-morrow.

You are a quiet, retired young mother. You take no part in the active affairs of life; but while diffident of your mental powers, you are the teacher of the teachers of mankind. You take no part in politics, and yet you are the shapers of the coming statesmen. Pulpits are closed to you, and yet all the hopes of a living and active ministry for the Church of God are in your hands. On the Exchange your voices are not heard, but you are furnishing and equipping the minds of the merchants who shall rule that Exchange some day. Who so great in the beginnings of power as the mother? What schools or universities equal to the mother's lap? The great preachers whose eloquence and knowledge shall make men humble themselves before God when we are gone are lisping questions in your ear now. The men who shall manage the finances of the nation are learning from you what money is. Behind all the active forces of the coming world the mother sits upon her throne and speaks the words that call them into being. I like to repeat the words of Thomas H. Benton, because they are the words of one who traced the effects to their cause and express a general truth: "All that I am my mother made me."

You cannot give your child more mind than God allowed him, but you can stimulate and cultivate that mind so that it shall yield its richest harvest. You

can so feed it with right thought and nourish it with patient care that it shall retain the trend you give it, even into venerable age. But this again cannot be done without effort and patience. She who would teach must know. She who seeks to impart information must first acquire it. The same questions which puzzle you from your child would puzzle a philosopher, because they bear upon the ordinary mysteries of being. Huxley or Kant could not ask or answer more difficult questions than a four-year-old child. Bearing these limitations of knowledge in mind, the mother must exert herself to put into the child's mind as much of definite truth as possible. All it wants is to get hold of the ends of the threads. But to turn the child away with a reprimand or a laugh and no intelligible answer to his question is as unjust and severe as it would be to laugh at his hunger or thirst. If the question cannot be answered, tell him so, and tell him that you do not know yourself. A child asks questions as naturally as a flower drinks in dew, and the true mother is glad to have the little mind put its petals up to be filled from the showers of her knowledge. Are there not many mothers, however, who regard these questions as a sort of ordeal, and shut them off by snappish answers, like Mrs. Gargery in "Great Expectations," as the story is told by little Pip?—

"'There's another convict off,' said Joe, as he heard the firing of the cannon.

"'What does that mean?' said I.

"'Escaped, escaped!' said Mrs. Gargery, administering the definition like tar-water.

"'Who's firing?' said I.

"'Drat that boy!' interposed Mrs. G., frowning at me. 'What a questioner he is! Ask no questions, and you will be told no lies.'

"'Mrs. Joe,' I said, as a last resource, 'I should like to know, if you wouldn't mind, where the firing comes from.'

"'Lord bless the boy!' she exclaimed.—'From the hulks.'

"'Oh,' I said; 'and please, what's hulks?'

"'That's the way with this boy,' she said, pointing me out with her needle: 'answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen more.—Hulks are prison-ships.'

"'I wonder who's put into prison-ships, and why they're put there?' I said in a general way, and with a kind of desperation.

"This was too much for Mrs. Gargery, who immediately rose. 'I tell you what, young fellow,' said she, 'I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. People are put into the hulks because they murder, and rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad, and they always begin by asking questions. Now you get along to bed.'"

That kind of motherhood isn't worth much to the world. Of course it is not expected that all women should be proficient in general knowledge. John Stuart Mill learned Greek from his mother when he was seven years of age. De Quincey at thirteen could harangue a Greek mob. It is not this kind of teaching that I mean, but the simple forms of knowl-

edge. I mean the constant impartation in a sweet and kindly way of the rudiments of thought, the constant effort to find out what the child wants to know and to satisfy it, the unselfishness which keeps the mind full of child's thoughts and is constantly leading out the mental powers of the child's mind. As the child grows older the mother puts right reading before it, determines its studies, ponders upon its especial aptitudes, and looks every day with eagerness to see what new growth has been made. I have spoken of this as a duty, and so it is,—the very highest duty,—but it ought to be a pleasure.

To make your child look well in neatness and cleanliness, to see that it has well made and fitted clothes, cannot be as high an object as to see that it has a properly growing mind; that it is being taught to use the powers by which it must achieve success; that it is acquiring information in its proper season and not growing up a mental dwarf. Some children can be taught earlier than others, but all children may be taught better by better efforts and perseverance.

3. What does the mother owe to the *soul* of her child? The most perfect instruction and the highest possible example of piety and morality. The conscience of a child, like all its powers, is dependent upon the assistance of others before it walks alone. Environment shapes very largely the powers and direction of the conscience. Right and wrong with the child are referred to the supreme tribunal of the mother, and what she says, together with what she

does, is the standard by which the young conscience learns to set itself. The healthy growth of the body, the symmetrical development of the mind, sink into insignificance compared with this necessity of soul-growth. Better that you should be the unhappy mother of a cripple, better that you should call an idiot your child, than that the world should curse the day you gave birth to a villain. In its young and plastic condition its soul is in your hands. You are its teacher and exemplar. Right and wrong are before the child. Its natural tendency is certainly not towards the good. A mere passive motherhood which allows the child to grow up by its own internal principles will find a sad result. The most active efforts cannot pull the weeds up as fast as they grow. Maxims and considerations of truth must be constantly employed, the tendency and consequences of evil constantly displayed. The child must not only hear from your lips the principles of religion and morality, but must see them as object-lessons in your life. If you sit before a child all day teaching him that it is wrong to lie, he will rub it all away at one dash if he hears you say what he sees is intended to deceive. If you urge and enforce upon him as you ought to the existence and goodness of God, and the duty of worshipping and remembering Him, you will produce a great effect, you must do so, but not so great as if he sees you constantly remembering the same duty and living close with God yourself. Teach him the commandments of God, the common law of humanity, and it will be only so much stuff to him if he sees that you

do not care for those things which you tell him so seriously are the most important. If he sees you worshipping all kinds of idols—money, dress, society, adulation, wit—more than you do God; if he sees you kneel down and take God's name in vain by mumbling prayers that you do not mean; if he sees you disregard every obligation to the sanctity of the Lord's day; if he hears you sneer at your parents and sees you a bearer of scandals against your neighbor, as well as greedy and covetous and discontented,—he will learn a thousandfold more from your example than from your precepts. He will take at their true value all your suggestions and incentives to virtue,—that is, he will take them exactly as you yourself use them, only as shibboleths. He will grow like you because he sees you as you are. With the exception of very rare cases, I sincerely believe a mother can make her child a good man or a bad man as she wants to. I am almost certain she can make him a bad one if she so determines. Look forward to the future and contemplate the man or the woman whom you now guide as a child. See where the ways divide, one going down to infamy and sorrow and the other leading up to sunny heights. See your child drawing near the forking ways. See him stop and think which way he shall go. Your hand cannot guide him; you are seeing him now only in the glass of prophecy. Past your influence or counsel, he stops to recall the lessons of his life. One by one come back your words of caution and warning; one by one appear before him the holy truths, the golden principles, the bright example, of a pure life. He stops just one

minute to commune with your spirit, and strikes boldly forward into the road that is so steep and yet so promising,—the path that leads ever upward and ends with God. Or do you see him perplexed and puzzled, glancing down and up where the two ways glide into the distance, balance your little instruction against your much erroneous example, and slink away down the road where the gutter runs, where humanity's sewer sweeps along its refuse, where crime abounds, and where eternal misery closes the road as in a *cul-de-sac?*

Those ways are ever parting; they branch at every second of the life. Be true to your child now. Exert all your energies to arm him for his fight. Determine that with God's assistance you will train up your child to be a blessing to mankind. From Messalinas and Agrippinas and the Catherines de Medici spring the Neros, Caligulas, and Charles the Ninths, the scourges of the earth. From the Hannahs, the Eunices, the Monicas, spring the Samuels, the Timothies, the Augustines, under whom the world grows into happiness and hope. In the great flood of immorality, licentiousness, and godlessness which is sweeping over society to-day, there is no influence to which the better part of men look so much as to the mothers of the generation that is rising. Laws cannot do any good; you cannot stamp out a cancer in the social world. But in the world that is rising now—the young world not yet tainted with the corruptions of this one—the influence of you mothers is vastly greater than any other. The American republic to-day, as it sweeps on towards the rocks on which older nations have been wrecked, as it

grows corrupter and richer, has no human hope unless it be in the devotion and perseverance of the mothers of her sons in inculcating moral and religious truth. The republic will be what its men are, and its men will be what their mothers make them. As Rome in her epoch of extreme danger from the enemy deposed all her other guides and trusted everything to her chosen dictator, so America to-day passes by senates and courts and colleges and puts her trust in the hands of the mothers. It is a holy trust, it is a splendid power. It is one that you need God's constant help to discharge.

I have spoken only of the mother's relation to young children, because it is upon young children that the mother's influence is most felt. As children grow older they begin to be touched by other influences, and the mother divides her empire with others.

But at all times, it seems to me, there are two things worth remembering, and the first is that there is no higher duty on earth than that you owe to your children. If you get that firmly in your mind so that you act spontaneously upon it, your duty to them will be your chief pleasure. They become the centre of your life and your husband's life. Whatever you may do outside is an episode; this is life. To make all that is possible out of your children, to assist the growth and symmetry of their bodies and minds and souls, to work upon them more and more with an intenser love than ever florist knows who spends his days and nights in rearing beautiful flowers, than ever artist knows who spends years in touching and retouching cold marble, than ever author knows who devotes a lifetime to the

child of his brain, is certainly not too much to ask of mothers to whom God has given children with the possibilities of Gibbon and Raphael and Linnæus.

And the second thing worth remembering is that you will have an influence with children only as you keep young yourself. So long as you have a fresh recollection of your own childhood, with its feelings and its affections, you will understand the child whom you have to rear. Childhood is the same in all the ages; and if you can only take your own childhood as you wanted it and dreamed of it and enjoyed it, if you can take out of it its troubles and put into it more joys and hopes, and give it thus to your little one, you will draw him very close to you. But if you imagine that children have changed their nature and need different treatment, if your present wisdom and experience make you regret childish pleasures in your own youth and seek to take them from your children, you are not wise, you are looking for fruit when the time for fruit is not yet; you are supposing children to be not children, and will put a barrier between you and them forever. She who would teach children must have the sympathy of children. Get wisdom, get understanding, but keep your child-heart fresh. Be to your children all that you used to think that motherhood might be. Call back from the years your early fancies which have been forgotten there, go back again to the echoes of your own nursery and hear them repeat your own wishes and hopes, and then come from the sacredness of that communion with yourself of long ago to be to your second little self, your child, a soother

of troubles, a conjurer of joys and surprises, a companion in instincts and thoughts.

What grander object can you desire than thus to make your child as good and wise and happy as he can be? What is there possibly grander than to have a white tablet, a living mind, given to you to work upon and fill with thoughts that shall never die? Where are the canvases on which the genius of Zeuxis and Apelles painted the glories of the color-world? Where are the beautiful marbles which leaped to life when touched by the chisels of Praxiteles and Cleomenes? Where are the palaces reared by the toil of thousands where Zenobia covered the desert with Palmyra, and where the wind covered Palmyra with the desert? All gone or lingering in torsos and ruins. Time has laughed at all that men can do to preserve the beauty brought forth by the hand of man. But you mothers work upon a subject that time cannot touch, upon an imperishable canvas bearing indelible tracery, upon a marble that shall survive when Pentelicon quarries are dissolved with a dissolving world, upon a structure that shall be in its pristine beauty when stars and suns shall crumble with the rust of age.

The mother who wrought upon the mind of Bacon wrought for the eternal ages. You who impress upon your child a high and pure truth are working in beauty upon an essence which shares the deathlessness of God. Happy is the mother who by assiduity, love, and wisdom is able to make her child in all his nature

> "A thing of beauty and a joy forever,
> That shall never pass into nothingness."

SPINSTERS.

I ADDRESS myself to-night to a class of women who have been compelled to endure a vast amount of *persiflage* in our generation. The spinster, as she was called in older English, is simply an unmarried woman, as distinguished from others who have entered into the estate of matrimony. Pulleyn tells us that "it used to be a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters,—an appellation they still retain in all deed and law proceedings." Taking into consideration the different aptitude of women for this spinning art, we may easily see that some women will be ready and spun into wives earlier than others, and that some will be so slow that they will in time gather to themselves in their single labors the qualifying adjective of *old* maids. But while marriage is highly honorable among all persons, and is so commended of St. Paul, and was one of the earliest of God's enactments for mankind, it by no means follows that spinsterhood is not also a divine institution, an estate smiled upon by God and contemplated in His wisdom.

While I write these words my mind turns back over the history of the race and the changes of opinion as to marriage and celibacy. In our age the married

woman is reverenced as the highest type of woman's nature, and there is a good-natured pleasantry and lament for those women who fail to reach that acme of their growth and remain in maidenhood. But in every age and nation before ours, with the exception of ancient Judea, the virgin has been the ideal and perfect woman. Among the Jewish women the national hope and expectation of the birth of the Messiah fired the soul of every maiden with the thought that she might be the mother of the Great Anointed, and the lament of Jephthah's daughter that she should die a maiden, of Sarah that she should never be known as a mother in Israel, of Elizabeth in her childless age, are all expressive of the great splendor with which marriage was crowned in a nation where any woman might through marriage become the mother of the Son of God. But in other nations, however pure an idea of wifely duties and virtues may have been prevalent, there was felt to be a peculiar sanctity and divinity in perpetual virginity. Very strangely did the Romans express, in their religious ceremonies, their exalted view of marriage and also of virginity. The Flamens, the highest sacrificial priests, were chosen only from the married men, and their marriage was dissoluble only by death. On the other hand, the Vestals, who, from early twilight of fable, had kept alive the sacred fire of the goddess, were held by the severest penalties to a perpetual obligation of virginity. In the Eastern nations the dualistic philosophy which arrayed the senses against the soul-powers, and traced all evil to the body, naturally raised a fierce ascetic spirit, which en-

nobled those who kept under the natural appetites and lived in celibate, self-mortification, and spiritual discipline. Marriage was tolerated, even recommended for weak souls, but only as a necessary evil, against which was arrayed the spirit of the age. Men and women were esteemed or pitied as they overcame the disposition towards married life. For fifteen hundred years after Christ this same spirit, breathed from Eastern religions through the nobler teachings of the Gospel self-conquest, put the crown of holiness upon the celibate life. Convents sprung up in every valley, from the Euphrates to the Tagus, and from the cataracts of the Nile to the islands of the Hebrides. Long lines of young women were constantly moving into perpetual incarceration, where bolts and bars and maceration and discipline might keep them safe from the dangers which lurked in society, and which culminated in marriage. The wit of St. Jerome set the fashion, which obtained for ages, of reverencing the cenobite and sneering at the weak wife. All the badinage which old maids endure now does not equal that which was poured out upon a bride in the early centuries of our era. And even to-day the most effective organization which has ever existed among women is that of the army of spinsters in the convents and sisterhoods of the Church. I said that I believe God intended some women should marry and that some should not, and that He blesses each estate. This is a demonstrable truth, if we may rely upon the statistics, which tell us that there are more females born every year than there are males. Supposing that every man living

were married, there must be somewhere scattered about the world the extra number of women who are not mated and must be spinsters, unless the death-rate is greater among women than men. These women must certainly have been created for that place, and may well begin to inquire what that condition of single life was intended by God to effect, why He has so arranged matters, and what responsibilities attach to them. As a matter of course, so long as human nature is a judge of those who shall marry and who shall not, and as human nature is influenced more by passions than by wisdom, it happens frequently, we may suppose, that those who were by nature intended for spinsters find themselves wives, and those best adapted for domestic duties find themselves spinsters to the day of their death.

Man is not infallible, and has been known to err in his opinion as to what nature did intend some women for. It is like everything else in which man is the agent in executing God's plans. He frequently errs and disarranges them. By a multiplicity of such errors we have brought a vast amount of confusion and trouble into a system which was undoubtedly intended to run smoothly and happily. But supposing that God intended that there should be in every age a married estate and a spinsterhood, and seeing that in our own age and all former ages such estates of life have existed, and do exist, we may ignore the question as to the proper classification of individuals in the two ranks, and ask, What is the place which the unmarried woman —the old maid if you will—occupies in the divine plan?

We have seen what the young girl has assigned to her. We have found many normal duties and responsibilities for the wife. We have had no difficulty in determining God's purpose in motherhood. Each of these classes of women has its own functions, which suggest themselves. And I do not think it will be difficult to find similar functions for the large class of spinsters. The thought which strikes us and stimulates us in finding what their province in life is, is that they are entirely free from the entanglements and hampering responsibilities of the rest of womankind. They form a flying squadron which watches the conflict about it, and can move in an instant hither or thither as it may be needed; while others are stationary and rooted by multiplicity of necessities, they are free to exert themselves where they will. Others have routine duties to which they are bound. The girl is tied to her school and home by many necessities as well as by the diffidence and inexperience which belong to her age. The wife has a primary duty to her husband, and must sacrifice many opportunities for public usefulness to her private affairs. The mother has her children, and must not leave them however much she may feel her help demanded elsewhere. But in society, where rich and poor, sick and well, young and old, are all living together, it must constantly happen that there will be many who must depend upon the help, the instruction, the kindness, of others. There is always the ambulance-train, groaning on with the army of progress. Where is the world to look for efficient help in this great work? To those who have no nearer and holier responsibilities.

The women who have no husbands, no children, no family cares, no personal career before them, must feel their responsibilities in a wider field. You are not a wife to any man and shut up to the smaller horizon of his life, but all the love and affection which binds two hearts together may be found in the marriage which unites your soul with the suffering souls who are about you. You find a husband not in the individual, but in the species. Mankind, not man, is the object of your help and love. You have been deprived of the love of children; fill that void by such kindly efforts among the hosts of motherless children that many may say of you, "Doubtless she is our mother, though we never knew her." See how much you can do: for instance, in making the world happier by driving out *ignorance.* All about you roars a sea of black, barren ignorance. Society has done all it can. It has schools and pays for teachers. It has churches and supports them. It has lectures and orations and speeches and newspapers and books, and yet there are tens of thousands of children and adults in this city that, from lack of opportunity or of ability, make no headway in knowledge. They want to teach them some one who brings the greater efficiency of the motive of disinterested benevolence. There are Sunday-schools where you are wanted, and where every word you say will be a civilizer. Suppose you were to make up your mind to find some scholars and to teach them useful lessons. You make inquiries, and find that there are hundreds willing and waiting to be taught. You have time to acquire information and to prepare a pleasant and in-

structive lesson for them every Sunday. You have time—I mean if you regard this as a divine vocation—to visit them through the week, to keep your eye on their development and surroundings. You keep this up year after year, and is it not true that you will gradually feel the interest of a sister or a mother in these children of your heart? You have a happy, educated, and loving cluster of children who will transmit your name to their children. Suppose there were ten girls or boys in your class; two days in the week and your Sunday hour would be enough to devote to them, and you will have the satisfaction of feeling that your life is not unfruitful, but that your talents are making others; that you will have some sheaves to bring with you when the summer of life is gone and you are asked what it has produced. Instead of wrapping up your usefulness in a napkin and bringing it in at the last just as you received it, no more, no less, with the words of the parable, "Thou gavest me one talent, here is this that is thine," you may have the record of the more faithful servant who entered into the joy of his Lord because he had made use and profit of every talent that he had. It has been my pleasure to know some maiden ladies who have done just what I have been saying. They have spent years in the city of Philadelphia in making educating centres, in establishing small reading-rooms, free lectures, night-schools, Bible-classes, Sunday-schools, until now it is marvellous to hear the sum-total of their work. It has spread by its own expansive properties. The work which they began and nourished has soon felt its own heart-beats

and thriven by its own life. The growth which in coral-formations is called budding is the common process in all such enterprises. The original work throws out new centres of life, which gradually detach themselves and become parents themselves. In these small clubs—these little ganglia—right thought stimulated becomes a powerful social force. It was in such little knots and clubs among the Jacobins in Paris that the greatest movement in French society originated. It is in such small ways of instruction that every reformation, from that of Sakya-Muni, or Confucius, or Jesus, to that of Luther, and Wilberforce, and Howard, and the Anti-Slavery agitators, or the Irish Repealers, has been germinated and brought to life. It is by associating numbers of yourselves together for organized work, or by devoting yourself and your talents simply to a smaller field of instruction, that you let the world benefit by what you know and have. Can you tell in what way you are benefiting the world now? If you live quietly, store up knowledge, read thoughtfully, exercise your mind, and do not bring your mental powers and acquirements into active use in extending information, you accomplish only half of your destiny. You are all equipped for something, and the days go by without your doing that something. Your full mind is useful only when it begins to unload itself at the ear of those who want what you have. The ship needs to lie idle at the wharf until she is freighted, but when she has taken her burden she is not allowed to rest until she has carried it to the markets where it is demanded. The storage of your mind

is worthless until it is brought to those who need it. To the work of a teacher, then, you have a divine calling by the fact of your freedom from the cares of ordinary domestic duties. Absolution from one class of responsibilities raises an obligation to others. If God has not called you into one room of the great workshop, be sure He does not mean you to be workless, but to do that which is to be done in the room where He has chosen to put you rather than another. It is the greatest mistake in the world to think that you can be in any place where there is no demand upon you. And if you say you do not know enough to teach, you must perceive that you know more than the class of people whom you are called upon to teach. But even at the worst you can by papers and books and efforts stimulate good thought and assist people to educate themselves, and by work among children you may be a great assistance to the public and a great benefactor to the private well-being.

Again, think what you may do and are called on to do in removing the hardships and sufferings of society. What your sisters of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions did during the war, you are called on to do in peace. Among the recollections of that great struggle none will be more enduring and noble than that of the young women who went to the battle-fields and graced the hospital corridors with their ministry of humanity. But when the war closed, when the shriek of the shell no longer announced the missiles of death, when the enginery of war was again retired to its housings, the chapter of suffering and death was not finished. The

Angel of Death yet moves unseen among men. The fierce grip of poverty is yet felt upon the vitals of many about us. Disease, starvation, misery,—the fungus-growth of humanity down nearest to the earth,—are still calling vociferously for help and relief. On this great battle-field, where men are fighting with the ancestral enemy whose victorious spear has flashed over all our race, there come moans and prayers as direful and as earnest as ever struggled through the smoke at Bull Run or in the Wilderness. The kindly offices of the nurse, of the visitor, of the comforter, are ever in demand.

From that fatal field the long procession of the dying and the dead is moving forever. Wherever it stops to take up another in its burden, it finds aching hearts and bitter sorrow. Where can you do better service to yourself, your God, your fellow-men, than in binding up the wounds and comforting the hearts of such as fall? Everywhere about you, within half a mile, you can find as much sorrow with which to sympathize as that which drew the Master's tears for the stricken sisters in Bethany. Lazarus was dear to that little cottage full of human hearts, and Lazarus was dead. Through the generations of men and through each individual of those generations shoots the same pang which Mary and Martha felt. But the kind face and hopeful words of the Saviour are not in every house now, unless they are represented there by those who love and trust Him. Very near you, and yet unknown to you, men and women are sitting in dark rooms, yet rooms not so dark as their lives. Upon

them has fallen the gloomy shadow of the great eclipse, —fathers weeping for children because they are not; wives dazedly trying to adjust themselves to a new life of loneliness and self-support; children crying for mothers whose ears have closed forever to the sounds of earth; friends sitting comfortless and thinking of the loves through which the great abyss has yawned. Bethany, not Cana, is the world's representative, and Bethanies are nestled in every corner, waiting and longing for the coming of the comforter. Why is this not your calling and your glory? Why should you not follow the Master in that ministry of consolation, treading on the swiftly-moving heels of Death and lifting up the bruised hearts? Who is so able to devote time to this great, this necessary duty as you, who have none of the close and pressing duties of wife and mother? My heart rejoices with the hope that our Church is more and more seeing the necessity of furnishing some organization in which you can work efficiently. From the very earliest days of the Christian Church it was apparent that the unmarried women were the ones to whom the Church must look for effective labors among the sick and the poor. Deaconesses were an order before Paul died. Sisterhoods began immediately. Bands of faithful women sought out the destitute and the dying. For many years membership in such orders was voluntary, and there were no vows taken by the members. Some labored for a year and then withdrew. Some went on from year to year, and death found them in the harness. After a while the Eastern spirit which sent Anthony to the Egyptian

desert, and Jerome to preach asceticism and celibacy in Europe, put the vow of perpetual virginity over the portal of these noble organizations. Convents arose with all their glories and all their shame. The Reformation came. Henry VIII. abolished and confiscated all the monastic and conventual property in England. The only organizations which made the services of women possible fell to pieces. The newly-cleansed Church went on without their help, because there was no way in which Henry was willing to endow them. And for nearly three centuries and a half that great Church has failed to provide any general and organized work for two-thirds of her children. But now the General Convention is turning its attention to the subject. There are already sisterhoods of voluntary membership with no other promise than that of one year of single life. In New York these organizations find help from all parts of the country. Young ladies from other cities write that they will come for some one month in the year and do hospital duty and general visitation work. In Philadelphia the Church Hospital and other charitable institutions are under the constant work and attendance of a similar organization. The city is districted and canvassed regularly. The wants of the community are made known, and as far as possible relieved. Every diocese, every city, will eventually have such associations, something more than the present Women's Auxiliary Association in this city, something less than the sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. Until the time comes when there are societies where you can find a place to work, you

must do the work as best you can alone. But I ask you to think how much work you could do. Let three young ladies who are not dependent upon their labor for support, and who have not any pressing duties, who have time to read, and visit, and entertain, and drive, and take naps, and make life a holiday, unite in the purpose of benevolent work, so many hours in so many days. Let them inquire, from those who know, where they can begin their efforts. Let them put as much energy and affection into the work as into any other pleasure or labor, and they will know better at the end of two days' work how much there is to be done, and how surely it must be done by them or not done at all, than they can ever know by hearing it told. There is a great truth in the old Latin maxim, *Docendo disces*, —"by teaching you learn." There would not be less truth in one which tells us that by helping others you are helped. To see human suffering and to alleviate it, to lift a cloud from a sorrowing heart, to find desolation and plant happiness, to change the ash-heaps where Jobs sit in anguish into fertile beds of springing hopes and joys, raises one's sense of his own possibilities in the world and increases his disposition to benevolence as it demonstrates the need and ability to discharge such benevolence. As the strength comes to the muscles that are used, as love is attracted by love, as charity becomes ever easier to the charitable, so it is true that those who do the most to help others find an equal reaction upon their own lives. The more they give the more they have. The cruse of oil which is all they have, and from which they give the poor

prophet first, before they feed themselves, is ever emptying and never empty.

The little bread which they feared at first would soon give out, to their amazement feeds thousands, and at the last is more in its fragments than at the first in the loaf. It cannot be a hardship that God has left you free to take upon you the very highest offices which humanity can receive or discharge. It is not to be lamented that He has not given you a little family, when He has made it possible and easy for you to be everything to so many of His ever-present poor. When the elder Pitt was gazetted to his peerage, it is told that his second and favorite son, William, said he was glad he was not the oldest son, whose seat would be among the peers, for he wanted to make his fame among the Commons, as his great father had. Much in the same spirit, I think, many women, fired by a pure philanthropy, ought to rejoice that they have not been called to the smaller circle of a wife and mother's duties, but are left free to enter into the wider and more changing scenes of the commons of humanity.

There you may make a name and fame for yourself. There you may feel yourself anointed of God for an especial work. In every step you take you may feel the ardent conviction that you are moved with a purpose by the mighty hand of God,—feel it with the same mysterious enthusiasm that shook the skies at Clermont with the simultaneous *Deus vult*—"it is God's will" —of the thousands who listened to Urban preach the war against the Saracen. Your life becomes animate with this great purpose. You bear on your heart the

destinies of others. You get all the enjoyment from life that it can give you. It is only your idle hours that you fill up with these occupations. You make enduring friendships which are pure and devoid of conventional formulas. Many true hearts look to you and call you blessed. In the unknown retreats of many souls your names are borne before God with the supplications and praises of strength which was weakness until you touched it, of hope which was despair until you transmuted it, of comfort which was starvation until you showed where the manna lay. I do not exaggerate what you may do. These are not rhetorical sentences or sentimental thoughts. Not a woman who hears me say the words is so poor, so useless, so unfit, but that she may accomplish such changes and blessings in the lives of others that it shall be clearly the finger of God. You remember in the old nursery stories how the little child sat before the room full of straw which she must spin into gold before the morning, and how the good fairy came in and by a stroke did the seemingly impossible thing. How truly does it tell the real sad story of life, where many are sitting forlornly before tasks and sorrows that are too great for them, and how sweetly does it emphasize what you may do by coming in your strength and by the touches of your hand, by the ministry of your heart and purse, accomplishing what is to them almost miraculous, so that you leave a household of rich pleasure where you found it full of tribulation!

Think of what you might do at the hospitals, at the charitable institutions, at the jails and station-houses,

in the poor districts, in the tenement houses. I know it would be unpleasant work, a sacrifice of inclination, sometimes a work of danger. But Florence Nightingale and Miss Lewis, and the Sisters of Catholic and Episcopal churches in Memphis, and the heroines of the war, did not sit down to ease because there was danger and hardship staring them in the face.

No success, no benevolence, is achieved without such an abandonment of the *dolce far niente* life. And if a considerable number of young and unmarried ladies could form a society for general and persistent work among the poor and sick, and should put as much vigor and energy into it as is now manifested in learning the Kensington stitch, or porcelain-painting, or wood-carving, or the German, I cannot but think they would accomplish vast results and laudable ones. All the world is open to you. Society demands your help. Spinsterhood is an enduring order, whose ranks are replenished as they are thinned. God, who has ordained that we shall have the poor always with us, has not left them without a reasonable claim upon society. The great mass of people have duties assigned them by their Creator, and so turn naturally to the able and unemployed members of society as a repair and sanitary corps. Of course, I know that every one has duties. You can fill every hour of the day with something, but it may not be the thing you were intended to do or that you are any better for doing.

When St. Paul was called to preach the Gospel it was utterly repugnant to him, but he lifted up his blind eyes and manfully asked the question, "Lord, what

wilt thou have me to do?" And when he found out what it was, he did it with all his strength. I urge you all who have no binding duties to husband or children, to try and find out what your calling is and engage in it, whether it carries you on stormy seas or leads you to the retired spots of a less dangerous career. But be sure that God intends you to do something in the world besides eating and drinking and dressing and reading. Those are your privileges; something better than these is your vocation. The reproach of an old maid is not that she has failed to find a husband, but that she has failed to find a place in God's work-shop.

A husband is not always necessary, and if he were he would be in many cases a necessary evil; but an occupation, a duty to the world outside of yourself, is necessary to kill selfishness, to develop womanhood, to keep you abreast of the current of human thoughts and needs and sympathies. And in the perfectness of our nature, in the final touch of our souls with God, you shall know what the Saviour meant when He said that love to the humble is love to Him, and inasmuch as you do kindness to them you do it to Him.

THE BREAD-WINNER.

Some time ago I stood in a crowd about the window of the registry department at the post-office, waiting for my turn. As the young ladies who are the efficient clerks in that office were moving about within, I heard a bass grumbling behind me, and, turning around, saw a rough, uncombed, seedy-looking man from the back-woods, who was in a high state of indignation that the young ladies should be employed there. "There are not enough men in the country, I suppose. All too busy, are they? Got to hire women," he muttered. Looking from him to them, from his heaviness to their quickness, from his stupid face to their alertness and rapid flashes of perception, I could not feel that the government had made any mistake in passing such men by and choosing such women. And yet the thought uppermost in that man's mind would strike nine men out of ten as reasonable, so strong is custom and so weak are men. That women should enter the fields of labor and take the places that only men have occupied heretofore, that they should be allowed to compete with men and multiply the supply of labor by two while the demand remains stationary, seems a hardship and a grievance to men who have been accustomed to see women leave such matters alone. It is only in the last thirty years that women have been allowed to sup-

port themselves. Before that time they did work which has been theirs from the beginning of the race. They earned money by sewing because men could not. They supported themselves by knitting because men left it to them. They taught in schools and gave a life of labor for the simple bread and butter which fed them. In all retired and unseen ways they earned a few dollars and managed to get a living from the society of which they were the most law-abiding and quiet members. But they were not employed in public offices. They were not thought of as clerks in stores or hands in factories. A girl who answered an advertisement for an entry-clerk in a dry-goods store would have been thought as much out of her mind then as one would now who applied for a street-car drivership. There was a sense of woman's unfitness for almost every kind of employment, because almost every kind of employment had been refused to her before. If a woman had no husband or father or brother or son to support her, and couldn't support herself by making shirts at a dollar a dozen, or teaching school at a dollar a day, she must not be too proud to accept the alms and charity of society, even if she could excel half the men in their own trades and professions.

We are indebted to the necessities of the war for a great many reformations, and not the least of them is the change in the possibilities of a woman's life. When the great part of the men of the country between eighteen and forty-five were taken away from the usual occupations of society and sent to the front to create an additional demand upon the labors of the

country, it was necessary to find somewhere substitutes for them at home in offices and mills and stores. Machinery was improved, so that some of the extra demand was met, but there never was, and never will be, any machine invented to take the place of the living brain, and so everywhere the women were called on and stepped into the vacant places. When the war closed and the men came back, it was impossible to deny that women had developed very remarkable aptitudes for some branches of business, and were worth more than the men themselves. Employers had to consider the new labor element which had been so profitable, and yet had to consider the old which was clamoring for work. The solution of the difficulty was the most natural one. They retained the best parts of each, and men and women settled down to an unequal sharing of the loaves and fishes of society. I say unequal, because female labor had not so firmly seated itself that it could afford to dictate wages, and was glad to keep its place even at lower rates of compensation. Capital could not blind its eyes to the plain fact that there were important duties for which the finer and more delicate powers of a woman were better adapted than the stronger and clumsier powers of a man, and yet could not make up its mind to pay the same wages for the greater skill. Women were taken into the government employ, for instance, and paid about one-half the regular salary of their desk.

Any one may go to the Treasury Department in Washington and see the clerks in the Redemption Bureau counting the worn-out money returned for cancel-

lation. Men and women are employed. The work is the same to all. Nothing can be more amazing than the rapidity—unless it be the accuracy—with which the fingers of these women tell off the great heaps of bills. They are eminently fitted for the work by God who made them. And yet the men are paid one-half more salary, and in some cases twice as much salary, for the same work, which they cannot do any better, and perhaps not so well. It is the same in all branches of business where women are employed.

Their labor is compensated, not in proportion to its profit, but in the proportion which a woman's capacity is supposed to bear to that of man. The way employers arrive at the amount female labor is worth is not by estimating the value of its productions, the amount of gain which the woman has made, and paying a commission or percentage upon that amount, but it is too often fixed by taking a man's wages as the standard and deducting graduated amounts from that sum. This is shown by a case within my knowledge, where a young girl employed at four dollars per week ventured to ask for an increase in her wages. The answer was, "We can get a man for six dollars." But if the man can't do the work any better than the girl, and if the work earns enough to pay the man six dollars, why does it not earn enough to pay the girl the same? What is the distinction based on? Because a man has more brute strength, it does not follow that he is worth more to sell ribbons. Because he can bear more physical labor, it does not follow that he is worth more as a judge of lace or a matcher of colors. When a

man and a woman apply at the same time for a position to break stone or do a porter's work, there is no difficulty in seeing that the man is worth far more than the woman, as a rule, for this kind of business. He has the natural qualification of strong muscles and powerful limbs, which she lacks, and she must be content to step back and see him paid for this kind of work, because he is worth the money and she is not. But let the same two persons apply at the folding counter of a press-room or a book-bindery, where the demand is not so much for strength as for quickness and skill, and the woman may do more in an hour than the man can possibly do, and consequently the woman can earn more for her employer than the man possibly can. Now, that in such a case as this the man, earning less, should be waged more because he is a man, and the woman, earning more, should be waged less because she is a woman, violates all sense of justice and right. The standard of wages should be a fixed one, and fixed by the productive power, not by the sex or color or height, of the worker. Here is the real strength of that movement which, under the name of the "Woman's Suffrage Association," seeks to improve the condition of women. The only hold they have upon the popular sentiment is in this popular consciousness that they are wronged in the matter of their labor. The people of this country are not in favor of extending the right of suffrage to women, simply because the women themselves do not desire it, and because it in no way commends itself to them as a reform.

Aside from the few who agitate the question and are

the leaders in the movement, there is no general indication on the part of the great mass of women that they want to vote, or would vote if they could. Where the privilege has been offered them, as in the school elections in Massachusetts, they have in effect declined to use it, so small and insignificant was the number who registered in accordance with the law. And if we are told that in the days of slavery there was no general clamor for freedom on the part of the slaves themselves, and that they had to be taught the miseries of their condition and emancipated by the reforming efforts of others,—that women, like them, have to be stirred up to an appreciation of their wrongs, and actually have the ballot thrust upon them, because they will not see what is for their good,—I think the answer must be that we decline to consider the nineteen millions of American women upon the same plane of intelligence and will as the four millions of slaves, who had forgotten or never known what liberty meant and how much their misery was the result of their wrongs. It is as clear as the day that the opposition to woman's suffrage to-day is not on the part of men, but of women themselves. There is a general conviction, growing from the diffused knowledge of women's sentiments, that as a class women do not desire the ballot, and would not use it. When the women of the country, or any considerable number of them, request this right, it will not be denied them. But it will not be considered as a desirable reform to give a general privilege which will be exercised by an inappreciably small number of the privileged class, and thus become another element

of corruption in popular elections. Astute politicians would soon find the value of the purchasable votes among the lower classes of women, while no importunity would elicit the suffrage of the better and more moral class.

But when this association urges the necessity of reforming the present condition of woman as to her rights of equal compensation for equal labor, it touches a sympathetic chord in the popular heart. There they have an undoubted mission, and a noble one. It appeals to the best sentiments of our nature. Not only gallantry, but honor and justice, come to their assistance and raise their voices together for a change. The woman who has to support herself and a family should have all the opportunities of labor opened to her, and be permitted to compete with other laborers in every industry, claiming no more and receiving no less than others; so that if she be rejected it is not because she is a woman, but because she is not able for the duty, and if she succeed she is paid not by courtesy to a woman, but by right to an earner.

In the cotton-fields of the South, as well as in the vineyards of Europe and the hop-yards of New York, the nimble fingers of the women far outstrip the efforts of the men who work beside them. To such labor they are especially adapted. How far the reform shall go, to what places they shall be admitted, to what professions they are called, it is impossible as yet to say. But there does not appear to be any in which women may not excel and have not already excelled. When we look about the world into all the means of

earning bread, and ask, "Where shall the limit be placed beyond which a woman shall not go?" we cannot place it as the old Jewish temple defined the court of the Gentiles, into which all women might go, and beyond which none should pass. The natural qualifications of women differ as do those of men, and some succeed in positions where all before them failed. It is a fact that has often been dwelt upon that women lack the inventive faculty. They depend almost altogether upon men to improve the tools with which they work. Spinning-wheels and sewing-machines and pianos, which are used by ten women where they are used by one man, are nevertheless the products of man's invention, not woman's. In professional work this counts very largely, and associates itself with the habit of analysis and reflection as the factor of success. It cannot be denied that in the main elements of aptitude for the duties of the three great professions the masculine mind is superior to the feminine. Perhaps it is only the superiority of experience. But is it not true that in the female mind generally there is an absence of that *inquiring faculty* which seeks to know the causes of things and the explanation of well-known phenomena? It is that faculty which impels the professional mind. The physician, who understands well enough that certain drugs produce certain effects, wants to know much more than that if he can. He wants to know why they do so, and whether there be not some better way. His professional spirit is that of the clue-hunter, who goes back from cause to cause, staying at none, and his quest leads him at last to the first cause,

toward which every other inquiry leads. It is the scientific spirit which inspires him, which inspires the lawyer to find principles on which laws rest as a system, which inspires the clergyman to find the causes of human and divine action in the universe; and in that analytic and scientific spirit woman has not yet shown great development. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in the "Intellectual Life," speaking on this subject, gives an instance of the lack of this faculty in women: "Many years ago I happened to be in a room filled with English ladies, most of whom were highly intelligent, and the conversation turned upon a sailing-boat which belonged to me. One of the ladies observed that sails were not of much use, since they could only be available to push the boat in the direction of the wind,—a statement which all the rest received with approbation. Now, all these ladies had seen ships working under canvas against head-winds, and they might have reflected that without that portion of the art of seamanship every vessel unprovided with steam would assuredly drift upon a lee-shore, but it was not in feminine nature to make a scientific observation of that kind. And this absence of curiosity in women extends to things they use every day. They never want to know the insides of things as we do. All ladies know that steam makes a locomotive go, but they rest satisfied with that, and do not inquire further how the steam sets the wheels in motion. They know it is necessary to wind up their watches, but they do not care to inquire into the real effects of that little exercise of force."

If this be merely the consequence of lack of oppor-

tunity to develop such qualities in the retired sphere in which they have heretofore lived, it is no argument against their fitness for professional life; but if it be the result of constitutional causes which cannot be avoided by any degree of opportunity, then it is fatal to their case. Of course there are many men in professions who have not the analytic spirit of which I speak, but they only emphasize the truth of the proposition, because they are the ones who fail and hang on to their rapidly-moving profession by the hem of the garment, and are often left behind rolling in the dust.

But the only way to solve the question of woman's fitness for professional life is not by *a priori* arguments for or against it, but by experience; and for that reason I believe they should have the largest opportunities to try. When Dr. Johnson was told of some woman preaching in the Methodist revival of his day, he said he should feel the same astonishment in hearing her that he felt in seeing a dog walking on its hind-legs. The wonder was not that she should do it well, but that she could do it at all. But Dr. Johnson must have known that there has not been an age in the history of the Church where women have not exhorted as they did in his day. The Spirit chooses its own instrument and blesses its operations.

Whether the Church should ordain women to preach as a regular order is another question, on which we have no light as yet to make us reverse the historic teachings of the race. But that we should provide some way to control and use the great religious powers of woman's

soul in impressing others is certainly true. Macaulay has well shown how the Roman Church makes powerful allies of the St. Ursulas and St. Theresas, while the Protestant Churches drive into antagonism and schism the Joanna Southcotes and the Countesses of Huntington and the Mrs. Frys. There is much to learn yet in the methods by which God would reach sinners.

But, aside from professional life, in which the ranks are already crowded, and in which woman's success as a bread-winner may be considered doubtful, what other means of support present themselves? I do not know any from which she may be thought excluded, except those where the necessities of physical strength practically shut her out. No one knows better than I do how hard it is to find a position even for a bright and capable girl, but there is no position to which she may not aspire, and none which she can possibly attain where she need feel any sense of transgression upon an alien domain. In the great world-wide necessity of earning bread for hungry mouths there can be no divine discrimination against a half of all who hunger and thirst, and there can be no divine injunction against a woman's entering into any honest avenue that leads to a comfortable means of independent support. It is an amazing thing that there is a feeling of repugnance on the part of the native American woman to enter into domestic service.

The demand for trained house-servants is very great, the wages good, and the support certain. In fact, the real capitalists of the country are the servant-girls. All they earn is clear profit. The expense of clothes is

not greater than the usual perquisites which a faithful and honest girl will receive in a good family.

The wages may not seem much, but a cook who gets three dollars and a half a week and her board is about as well paid as any girl in any ordinary labor,—in truth, better. Suppose a girl enters a mercantile house. She gives all her time during the day, takes care of herself, goes through the street at unpleasant hours, and gets from four dollars to eight dollars per week, much oftener the former than the latter. And yet thousands of girls who must support themselves will not think of house-service. It is considered an insult to recommend a girl to apply for the position of nurse, or house-girl, or cook. It is not so in the great mass of people in England, or France, or Germany. There is not any opprobrium attaching to such service there. They are not dependent upon the service of foreigners, and in constant apprehension of a revolt by the Swiss guards whom they hire to help them. Young girls in England who must support themselves do not hesitate to seek positions in the great houses, where with fidelity and capacity manifested on their part they have a lifetime home and comfort. But in our country these places are left to the Irish, and Welsh, and German, and Swedish, and colored people. American servants are few and growing fewer. Girls crowd into factories, where the work is wearing and protracted, where they stand all day and go home so tired that they fall asleep at once, where they have no opportunity for social or intellectual improvement, and where from scanty wages they must board and dress themselves.

They crowd behind counters, where they feel all the stings of a dependent position, and where they are subjected to the petty tyranny of every little soul who may have ten cents to enter the store with, and at the week's end they have a very small roll of bills out of which must come all the expenses of seven days' living. Here, too, they are shut out from most of the means of improving their minds and bodies. Or they rush before school-boards and apply for positions of teachers in the schools, where they must be content with eight dollars a week for labor the most wearisome and confining. It is true their salaries increase with their experience, until they may get six and eight hundred dollars a year; but these salaries are for the few and only after years of service, and from them must be taken the means of finding a home and living. I am not saying that these places should not be sought. A teacher is a benefactor of society, one of the most valuable agents in improving the world. Any woman may well make teaching her object. So of clerkships and factory places. By all means let the girls apply for such places if they can fill them and support themselves by them.

But what I wonder at is that there is such a false shame about entering domestic service, such a complete abandonment of that whole field to a class of people who could not compete against the American girls if they sought the places. Girls who have done the housework at home year after year, understand it thoroughly, are neat and quick in doing it, never think, when the narrow times come and they must

support themselves, that they have learned a trade which will support them, and where they will be in constant demand. And why? Simply because they think it beneath them; because they have been accustomed to see such places filled by ignorant people or by those who are socially beneath them. To be called a servant, to run at the pull of a bell, to have a mistress to obey,—this is revolting. But where on the earth can you get a place where you will not be a servant to somebody, where you will not be compelled to obey, and where you will not at times be made to feel insignificant? There is no shame in honest labor. There is no phase of domestic life where you may not, by retaining your own self-respect, secure that of everybody else; and there is no kind of occupation where you may come so near to the love and regard of those who employed you at first for money, and at last would take no amount of money to let you go. I have seen women in Europe harnessed to a plough beside a horse or ox, and felt that human nature had sunk too low,—that there ought to be something more than a plough-chain between man and beast; and yet there was the most perfect contentment in those women, an utter absence of shame, because shame is the sensation which follows a moral wrong or a degradation, and there can be no degradation in necessary duty. I know many people will reply with the personal argument and sneer at this sentiment, asking if I should like my sisters or my mother to become cooks and house-girls, and whether I should be willing to act as a valet or butler in case of necessity. Of course I shall be happy if the women

of my family are kept free from the necessity of self-support; but if they must at last come to the decision as to a labor, I will say in all earnestness that I should rather see them servants in some respectable family than see them enter factories or stores. And, as for myself, if the time comes when my mind cannot support my body, and I am left to the ordinary physical trades, I should, without shame or pride, accept the position of valet or butler, and try to fill the place to the best of my ability. I might find the place beyond my capacities, for we all have a supercilious feeling about positions which we consider beneath us and imagine they are easily filled, whereas there is a peculiar gift required to fill any position perfectly. Many a good emperor might make no better servant than Handy Andy, and many a fine lady might have difficulty in dusting a parlor well or waiting on a table.

In answer, then, to the constant inquiry on the part of American women how they can support themselves, every available place being taken, I say that the great demand in America to-day is for skilled servants, for economical and sagacious and trained domestic labor.

A few days since I had a letter imploring help. A young lady had tried every possible way to get work. She wanted anything that would give her bread. She was educated and wrote well. Now, what could I do for her? What place could I get her that would support her? I could go to a store and ask for a clerkship for her, but I had already done that for a score just as competent. I could try all the places which she could suggest, but I had already run up and down

that gamut so frequently that I knew just the tone which each key would give out. That evening I had a good laugh at the story told by a friend of the awkwardness of a new servant. She had just come from Ireland, and had nearly suffocated the family by blowing out the gas at night, and had perpetrated various mistakes of the same kind. And yet that girl had been picked up by the fierce demand for house-servants and dropped down, as soon as she touched American soil, into a support and wages. This young lady, who was about to starve or beg, could have done this servant's duties, probably successfully, and perhaps so successfully as to find an abiding, happy, comfortable home. All she needed to do was to go and apply for the place. But would she have thanked me to recommend it to her? She did not, for that was what I did recommend, and I have heard nothing more from her, and probably have forfeited her esteem.

You say it is hard for a young girl brought up to be waited on to become herself a servant to others. Undoubtedly it is, but it is harder to have nothing to eat, and it ought to be harder to beg. I am speaking now of necessity. I am urging a great, needy class of unemployed women to turn their attention to a great and ever-growing demand which only women can fill, and, by meeting this demand, benefit society as well as themselves. The same pride which sends so many young men into professions when they ought to be on the cobbler's bench or turning a lathe, or, better yet, turning the soil, prevents our girls from doing what is called menial labor. They are pleased to have it

known that in their father's house they have learned to be excellent cooks, to bake bread, to make many little side-dishes, and to do all the little duties about the house. There is no disgrace in being, as it were, an amateur in the art, but the disgrace is felt when the art begins to support them, when it becomes a profession. Congreve, who had earned his reputation and wealth and station in society by literary work, became ashamed of his literary work in later years, and affected the tone of the gentleman who had amused himself in odd moments by writing the "Mourning Bride" and "Love for Love." How contemptible such affectation seems! How contemptible any affectation is which makes one despise honest work by which bread has been secured, or shrink from honest work by which it may be secured! The humblest duties of menial services have been discharged with fidelity and pleasure by men whose names are among the immortal few in letters and art and eloquence. Sixtus V. ruled the papal world, but once he had ruled a herd of swine; Samuel Johnson had been a sizar at Oxford; Goldsmith went through all the forms of a servant's duties; Richard Hooker never did get far away from the duties of a nurse; and the world doesn't remember them with regret that they demeaned themselves, but with pride that they were so manly as to accept any position by which they might live and climb. And it will be a happy day for America when we free ourselves from the great error that it is ignoble to earn a living by the use of the muscles and hands and feet, and aristocratic to live by the wits and profession. We must get back,

if not to the days when "Adam delved and Eve span," at least to the spirit of honest industry by which the rocks of New England were covered with corn and wheat by the labors of our forefathers, and the tidy homes and skilful housewifery and domestic labors of our grandmothers became proverbial throughout the earth.

FALLEN WOMEN.

Some of the most affecting stories that have ever been told are told in the Bible about sinful women. Very strange is the place which woman's sin holds in the unfolding scheme of divine revelation. I do not speak now of the early transgression of Eve, but of the sins of her daughters, even to the death of Christ. It cannot be without some purpose that the Scriptures, in recording the genealogy of Jesus Christ, go outside the line of male descent but five times in all the preceding generations. The only women through whom the Saviour's lineage is traced are the Virgin Mary, Bathsheba, Ruth, Rahab, and Thamar, and two of these were the purest and three the most sinful of their sex. The long line of mothers stretching back from Mary for a thousand years is ignored by the evangelist until his pen stops at the name of her "who had been wife to Uriah the Hittite." Again going back in the never-failing parentage, mentioning Ruth only, he sweeps over five hundred years and finds a fourth mother to the pure One in the harlot Rahab, whose name had been a by-word in Jericho. Again the line is dropped. Many mothers are forgotten until we read of Thamar and her crime with Judah. So we find that God's Holy Spirit, dictating to the sacred writer how to record the human origin of our Lord, traced that origin

through the seed of woman only by long intervals of descent, and out of five mothers gave Him three who were greater sinners than all others. Why this is so, why Rebecca and Sarah and Leah were not mentioned by St. Matthew, why any female ancestors should have been mentioned, and these five rather than others, is strange and suggestive. Then again, in the Gospel, the woman who was a sinner occupies a very conspicuous and pathetic place. What is there in literature which touches our sympathies more effectually than the little incident which St. John tells us in his eighth chapter, where the guilty woman stands alone with the Master and He is drawing His fingers through the dust upon the floor? What a position among the early disciples of the Lord is that held by Magdalen! To whom else did the Saviour promise that the memory of her simple act of love, done in a little room in Judea, should share the immortality of the sacred gospel itself, except to the woman who was a sinner and yet anointed Him as her Saviour? The pages of the testament of Christ's dying love are full of the same stories of His forgiving pity, of His encouraging words, of His ardent solicitude, of His divine affection for the fallen daughters of the race of Bathsheba and Rahab and Thamar. The Pharisees of His day,—eternal types of men from whom form has passed out of the soul, who measure God's advancing plans by the foot-rule and His love by the pint-cup, who cry aloud in the public streets that the customs of Moses are in danger because men are healed upon a holy day or in an unusual way, who are suspicious of men differing from themselves

and publicly denounce the man who, in his efforts to do good in the way in which God urges his energies into action, does not commend himself to them, and consequently is a heathen and a man not of God,—the Pharisees clamored that Jesus received sinners and ate with them; that He could not be a prophet, or He must know that the woman He had encouraged was a fallen creature, from whom He should have turned away in contempt. But His answer expresses the real sentiment of the human heart at its best: "The sick, not the whole, need the physician." The gospel which was to regenerate the world was not to be stored up and kept for great emergencies; it was not to dress itself in the robe of respectability and shrink from the touch of the vile and low; it was not to be a proud, aristocratic society,—free, indeed, from sensual sins, but full of the callousness and meanness and narrow bigotry of the elder son in the parable. But I know it is unjust to reason from what was proper twenty centuries ago in Palestine to what is proper now in America. I am aware that lapses of time and changes of customs and moral habits raise different duties and obligations. But still it has always seemed to me that if Jesus Christ were to again come and labor as He did once among mortals, He would not stand aloof from the world of sinners as His people do and as His Church does. I do not think He would be found in the company of those of us who merely denounce the sin and keep away from the sinner. In His sinlessness and purity He could do much from which mortal sinners must shrink and He could speak as no man can, but

can it be possible that He expected His Church to perpetuate itself through the ages of human lusts without bringing itself in some way in relation with the class of Magdalens who most need its help and most shrink from its temples? In what way does the Church today reach the persons whom it was organized to reach, the sinners whom Jesus came to seek and to save? In what way does it effectually benefit that great number of people who are out on the streets to-night, and as far from the gospel influence as if they walked the streets of some other planet?

You say the fault is with the people, to whom the church doors are open, and who turn away from them with contempt. Suppose it to be so, what do you say more than was presumed,—that they are sinners? The same thing was unquestionably true when Jesus came. The synagogues were open, and the streets were full of people who would not go and reform themselves. But Christ, so soon as He had gathered a handful of disciples from the synagogues, sent them out into the byways and dark ways where the people were who never saw the inside of the synagogue. Where the danger of infection was greatest; where the inventive genius of evil had made sin most powerful and alluring; where human nature was most depraved and abandoned to the devil,—there was where Jesus sent His followers to work. What would have been the history of the Christian Church if Jesus had gathered His disciples together in an esoteric club and striven to make them holy and pure by seclusion from the world, by keeping them from contact from the evil which was in the world, by

insulating them from the current of social life, so that they should never be rudely shocked by the sound of blasphemy, by the sight of licentiousness, by the knowledge of sin in man? Those disciples might have become saints and died saints whose memory would have been fragrant to our day, but the world would have had no more enduring benefit from them than it had from Simeon Stylites or Pachomius. Instead of such hot-house treatment, such an economy as would have forced them into individual spirituality and left all the outer world in ignorance of the warmth and power of soul development, our Saviour taught His disciples to grow strong by contest, to grow pure by seeing and hating and removing impurity, to test their own growth in grace by their energy in communicating grace to those who most needed it. The first cry of the Saviour was for men to "Come," the second for them to "Go" into all the world and carry the good news and the forgiveness and the strength which He had given them. The Church which Jesus contemplated was certainly not one vast fabric, but an earth-covering net of little and self-existing bodies,—all united in one holy purpose and hope, it is true, but, after all, having the individual as the cell-principle. Each member of the Church was to grow by his own life spiritually given him, and to throw out new life centres from himself, so that the catholic, universal body should be everywhere and at all times throbbing with its creative and expanding vitality, each individual member acting upon the dead spiritual natures about him and communicating his life and purpose to them.

I would say nothing that for a moment obliterates or obscures the dreadful nature of the sin and danger of these fallen women. Wrecked and wretched, they make the wrecks and wretches of society. From the days of the Thamars and the Rahabs they have been the lepers and infecters of humanity. Every other form of evil influence has been somewhat affected by the changing phases of moral sentiment and by the operation of repressing laws, but the steady, unalterable current of this form of sin has set steadily through every nation and through every age. What Cincinnati is, that every great city has been. Pompeii, uncovered after its long burial, displays with equal pomp its glories and its shames. Wherever humanity has been strong enough to rear mighty cities and splendid monuments, it has been weak enough to impress indelibly upon them the defacements of its sins and crimes. Accepting, then, the truth that there is an ineradicable sin about us, the solemn question which we as children of God ought to consider is not the guilt of these women, but their misery and our obligation to them. When the Saviour spoke to the crowd of accusing Pharisees in the temple and bade any one who was sinless to stone the fallen woman, it certainly did not mean sinless in the way in which she was a sinner, but He made those men see themselves from the view-point of God, where degrees of sin fade away before the universal fact of sin, and the conscience of every one was troubled by the inspection of his own life. When those men next saw that woman I am sure they remembered that lesson, and while they may have detested the sin as much as ever,

yet for the sinner they must have had a kindlier and humaner—humaner because diviner—pity and affection, as one who shared with each of them the strange heritage and curse of mortal sin, and though she owed ten thousand pounds and they but one hundred pence apiece, yet all alike were bankrupts at the registry of heaven.

You will bear with me—for it is good for us to think of these things sometimes—while I try to arouse your compassion and sympathy for these fallen sisters. God knows how much obloquy they endure and how seldom there is an appearing Christ to cheer them and help them to a better life.

1. Do you know that in all the kindly sentiments of our nature, in all the affectionate emotions which underlie a religious life, this class of women is especially rich and noble? They have natures in which the gospel seed, when once it has been absorbed, takes the firmest hold and grows the richest fruit.

The woman who was the last at the cross and the first at the sepulchre was one of them. She loved as she had been forgiven,—much. This ought to be remembered when men shake the head at any effort to reform them, and tell us that they are hardened, and abandoned, and dead to everything that is pure and spiritual and of good report. They do not manifest any such deadness in charity and benevolence and affection, which are living graces wherever they are shown. And do not let us for a moment doubt that in the whirl and sweep and glare of their short lives there are many of them who in their remorse and horror would give everything to escape from such a life. Human nature

assumes strange shapes, it puts on many masks, but it never loses entirely the instincts and sensibility which define it as human nature, and among those instincts and sensibilities shame and remorse and hope and fear are forever found.

What a picture rises before us when we are made to see a poor girl's life by the flash of the pistol-shot which has ended it! In that flash we see the tinsel life of apparent splendor burned away, and the real, naked, sad life of misery and struggle manifested. In that same flash we see many hours of penitence and sorrow in the past, when on bended knees, with head buried in the dark room and in the mufflings of the Magdalen's remorse, an aching heart sought intercourse with God. In that same flash we see the world ever passing by on the other side with averted face and with the cynic's sneer, hard, cold, incredulous of good. In that same flash we see the thousand influences of bad men and bad women sweeping up with a rush against the better instincts, and whirling away a generous heart behind a light and giddy head, until head and heart alike are powerless before the ever-fiercer blasts of these furnaces of hell. In that same flash we see, if we had not seen it before, the remorseless increment of sin, beginning as a mere speck on a pure and healthy soul, deepening and spreading like a burning coal or a cancerous ulcer, tainting as it spreads, with the pain and without the purification of elemental fire, until the flame dies away for fuel to feed it and the soul is a mass of corruption and death. In that same flash we read again the riddles of the Sphinx, the ever-obtrusive

mystery of this life, where passions are in their prime before reason is adolescent, where the uncontrollable influences about us which some call Fate, and some Norna, and some Providence, lift us like feathers from our footing and deposit us where they will. In that same flash we see a thousand times in the poor girl's tragic life where one word from us, one act of kindness, one beseeching invocation to virtue and to God, one single indication that her soul was cared for by the gentle and the pure, would have been enough to turn her to the Saviour's love and freshen her fevered life to all eternity. In that same flash, bringing out on the walls of our soul the blinding letters which indicted the ancient king, "weighed, weighed, wanting," let us humbly and fearfully turn our eyes away from the poor girl's sin into the recesses of our own consciousness and reflect that the providence of God is administered by human agencies at times, and that we are responsible for our brother and our sister, and that if we had done our duty in the imitation of Christ and in the exercise of a living faith, the poor creature who has blindly crashed through the limitations and fretting bars of mortal existence and carried a soul laden with sin and murder to the great assize might have been so different, might have lived yet many years in penitent sorrow and purity, and died at last, calmly, sweetly, with loving children pressing their young lips to hers, and her eyes, as they began to lose the light of earth, catching that other light which gladdened another Magdalen on Easter Day when she saw the risen Master and knew that *Rabboni* was alive again for-

evermore. Let us not talk of destiny, of fate, of God's will, as if they relieved us of responsibility. However men may reason about the fixedness of God's purpose, be sure He never intended that men should see misery and not relieve it, or that He intended any evil which we might prevent. "Islam"—"it is God's will"—is a grand word if it inspires men to bear the narrow things, the troubles and pains and miseries, which come to them personally. It seeks to express the thought of a Greater than any follower of Mohammed: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." But it is a pernicious word, a soulless and cruel word, if it teaches men and women that they are free from duty to others, that they cannot and dare not do anything against the ordinance of God. Above every other purpose and plan in the universe there rises the will of God that we should love one another even as He loved us, and that, as He laid down His life for us, even so we should be willing to lay down our lives for the brethren.

2. I beg you to consider how, humanly speaking, it is impossible for those fallen creatures to escape from the life they lead. There is absolutely no way in which society offers them a retreat. It is no figure of speech that decent society closes its doors upon them. I am afraid that even the churches would be minded to put them away privately if they came to seek their blessings. I do not mean that there would be anything but sincere and hearty thankfulness on the part of every Christian at such a reformation. But practically the pathway of such a penitent would be a bitter and hard one. To

find a general shrinking away, a subtle distrust, a hardly-concealed air of patronage; to be made conspicuous and stared at as if the conversion of a sinner were such an unforeseen episode in the church; to be put into the galleries and to be made in every way to feel inferiority and humiliation by those who profess to be sinners themselves, deserving as severe a punishment, and only saved from it by the atonement of Jesus Christ,—would be the experience of any who tried, I fear. It is to be expected that any criminal should be put upon probation and should endure some discipline in recovering lost character and forfeited reputation. The common interests of society demand some purgation and guarantee of good behavior before it can again rehabilitate the lawless and reinvest the dissolute with the sacred privileges which have been abused. But society should also furnish some means by which such purgation should be feasible; should erect seminaries and training-schools of virtue for those who wish to leave the institutions of vice; should offer an asylum for all who would seek it, and a temporary home and living for those who would have no other. It is useless to talk of repressing such evil by law or of regulating it by license so long as there is no avenue open to the sinner for an escape from its thraldom. As our society is constituted to-day, all the penitence of Mary Magdalen, blended with the remorse of Judas, might not prevent starvation in the case of any erring woman. What could she do to escape from the environment and habits of her life? Every place that offered bread would close at her approach. She might stand at the

entrance of the new world which she wants so earnestly to enter, and find that she had forgotten the password. Nothing that she could say would cause the heavy door to open. No home would offer itself to her. She could not rise above the station-houses and the level of the tenements. Her old associations would crowd upon her and weigh her down. With no bread, no occupation, no home, no general confidence in her, no refuge from the sin besetting her on all sides, is it any wonder she should fail? Is it any wonder if so few try? With a tremendous undertow dragging her down and an elevated and respectable world refusing to recognize or support her, opposing only a weak but sincere desire to be better to the combined influence of an attracting evil and a repelling virtue, there is but little human hope for the escape of a fallen woman from the life she leads. Why have we not refuges and asylums to which penitents can fly and find a rest until the tender shoot of a reviving virtue has had time to strike its roots into a sustaining soil? What a commentary it is upon our public policy that we provide homes for criminals and none for penitents; that we say to every outcast, "If you do not violate the law, you must starve; we can do nothing for you. If you want a roof to cover you and food to eat, you must qualify yourself by burglary, by arson, by homicide, by violence"! That is exactly the position which the social government of our day takes in reference to the vast element of population from which the criminals come. The premium is placed upon crime. Honest poverty, unwilling vice, constrained immorality, are ignored

and despised. But if we could only be inspired to try the power of the sunbeams and lay aside the use of the storms in dealing with this iniquity and misery ; if we could confront the palaces of sin with yet finer palaces of virtue; if we could open a gate to heaven close by the portals that lead down to hell; if a Christian world would do as much to save as a diabolical world does to destroy; if we could clear away even a bridle-path for penitence to find its way back through the heavy undergrowth of social prejudices and tangled obstructions,—we should be doing our duty to the unfortunate and the fallen. To call people to Christ and close up all the ways that lead to Him ; to preach repentance and yet make repentance an impossibility; to plead eloquently to the prodigal to come back to the Father's house and at the same time bind her firmly to the swine-trough of her sin; to lament the hardness of heart which keeps women away from the influences and blessings of virtue and religion and yet to keep them away from those influences by an iron hand,—is to trifle with them in the sight of God, is to push them, screaming, down the wild plunge of the cataract, while imploring them to take care and praying that they may escape. Look at our city to-night. Tell me, you mothers, happy in a home guarded by the invisible but potential influence of virtue, what single influence is working to rescue your sisters from the houses where virtue is a stranger and where the doors spring open at the hand of sin? On the night-air there may be borne the sobs and cries of a breaking heart; in the silence of some chamber there may be an aching soul

in dumb wonder that so much prayer and so much grief seem to avail nothing in a heartless world. There may be—nay, in our knowledge of human nature we know there must be—mighty efforts made to break away the binding chains of an unhappy life, and there comes no angel to guide and encourage as there came to Peter in the dungeon. Slavery is not dead. Sin and custom, mighty tyrants, retain their grasp upon many discontented slaves. No auction-block, no negro cabin, no Siberian mine, ever witnessed a crueler servitude than that which many despised outcasts endure in whose soul the iron has entered, who with remorse in their hearts and agony unspeakable shrink from the necessities of evil, and whose footsteps, if they seek to escape, are tracked by the bloodhounds of a remorseless social rigor.

Around the innocence of our social life we draw the awful circle of a Christless hate. Let sinful woman put but a foot within, and at her head, even if it wear a crown of holy purpose, we launch the curse of failure.

A better and diviner spirit cries aloud in behalf of those poor things. Wisdom cries in the streets. It urges public expenditures, not in penal institutions, where crimes are expiated, but in reform and charitable institutions where crimes are prevented. It implores hard and cruel souls to give to others the mercy they themselves expect. It bids the Church of God to follow the Saviour in His sweet and helping forgiveness, and to tell a sneering and cynical world that it has in it the everlasting Spirit of Him whose love and

smile brought benisons on repentant Mary's face, and whose rebuke to Simon is her own to it: "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors, the one owed five hundred pence and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered, and said, I suppose he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss, but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he saith to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

THE END.

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